

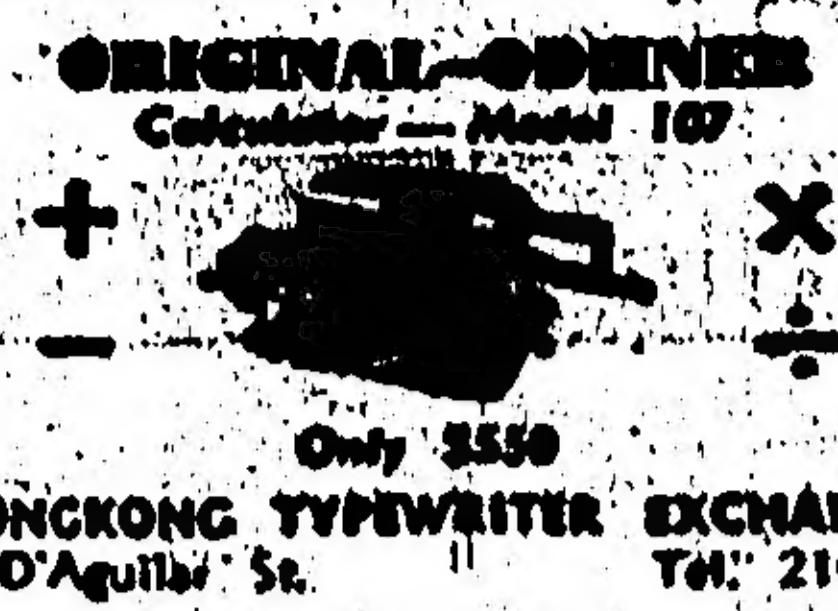
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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1954.

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Hongkong Parks

THERE has been some agitation in Hongkong recently to keep the Colony's parks and playgrounds open until midnight. The question was raised by Mr P.D. Au at this week's Urban Council meeting and his question was prompted by the fact that at night times the early closing of parks prevents nocturnal strollers from relaxing and enjoying the freedom and comfort of a park bench in between or after their walks. At present, the Urban Council informs us, Hongkong parks are closed at 10 p.m. with the exception of children's playgrounds which are closed earlier. Following Mr Au's question, the subject of interclosing is to be referred to the Parks and Playgrounds Select Committee for reconsideration. In many parts of the world, municipal authorities allow climatic conditions to dictate the closing hours of their parks. In Hongkong's case where the climate is particularly trying at this time of year and where living conditions in many districts are uncomfortably crowded there is a definite need to provide access to the Colony's open spaces until at least an hour as possible. Frequently the temperature is such that sleep is impossible before midnight when a sudden cool change may bring some relief to the oppressive humidity. It is a familiar sight in the Colony to see families sitting or strolling in the street late at night and it would be a small but most welcome gesture to those people and to many others who enjoy the fascination of the Colony's beauty after nightfall to keep the parks open for another two hours. There is a fear in some quarters that any extension of closing hours would only encourage the incidence of misbehaviour which is common to parks the world over. But the provision of adequate lighting and possibly a small increase in supervision would effectively reduce any such misconduct relying as it does on the cover of darkness and the employment of stealth. It is arguable anyway whether the early closing of parks is any deterrent to this sort of thing. As the saying goes: where there's a will there's a way. And when there are no parks available, people bent on mischief will always find other alternatives.

'Couldn't Work For Unity In W. Germany'

Berlin, July 23. The East German radio tonight transmitted a statement which they said was broadcast by Dr Otto John, the West German intelligence chief, reported missing since Tuesday.

In the broadcast, Dr John said he had been unable to work for German unity in West Germany.

"I hope to produce my own ideas about how to achieve German unity soon in a written document," he added.

The radio announcer, introducing the broadcast, said Dr John had made the statement about to be broadcast last Tuesday on the day of his disappearance in East Berlin before "responsible personalities of the East German Democratic Republic".

Dr John said on July 20 he had taken a decisive step and got in touch with the East German authorities.

In the alleged declaration, Dr John said, "Citizens of Germany are in danger of being split forever as the dispute between the East and the West. An act of demonstration must be made to save the cause of German re-unification."

"That is why, on the day of the anniversary of July 20, I took a decisive step and got in contact with the East German authorities.

PUT ON PILLOW

"In the federal republic the possibility of all political activity was taken away from me after I had been constantly put on the pillow by the Nazis who are springing up today throughout political and public life."

The Minister of the Interior made it impossible for me to continue my work in my service by declaring to the press that when sovereignty was obtained it would mean a free hand and the possibility of giving the task of protection of the constitution to persons above all suspicion.

"Men of intelligence and with political experience," the statement continued, "showed me in recent talks that they are convinced that German policy was at an impasse. On the other hand, the Protestant congress at Leipzig proved that there were still possibilities for reunification. One must now at least try these possibilities. I hope soon to be able to present to the German people my ideas and my plans

WAVE OF ARRESTS

Their fears for the safety of any American counter-intelligence secrets Dr John may have known were heightened by a wave of arrests of Western secret agents in the Soviet Zone of Germany which have followed his disappearance.

The West German Government regarded the disappearance so seriously a Cabinet meeting was called to discuss the John case. It was expected to be held either tomorrow or Monday.

Western officials said the fact that Dr John has fallen into Communist hands may jeopardise West Germany's entire security system as well as a number of Allied intelligence agencies—United Press.

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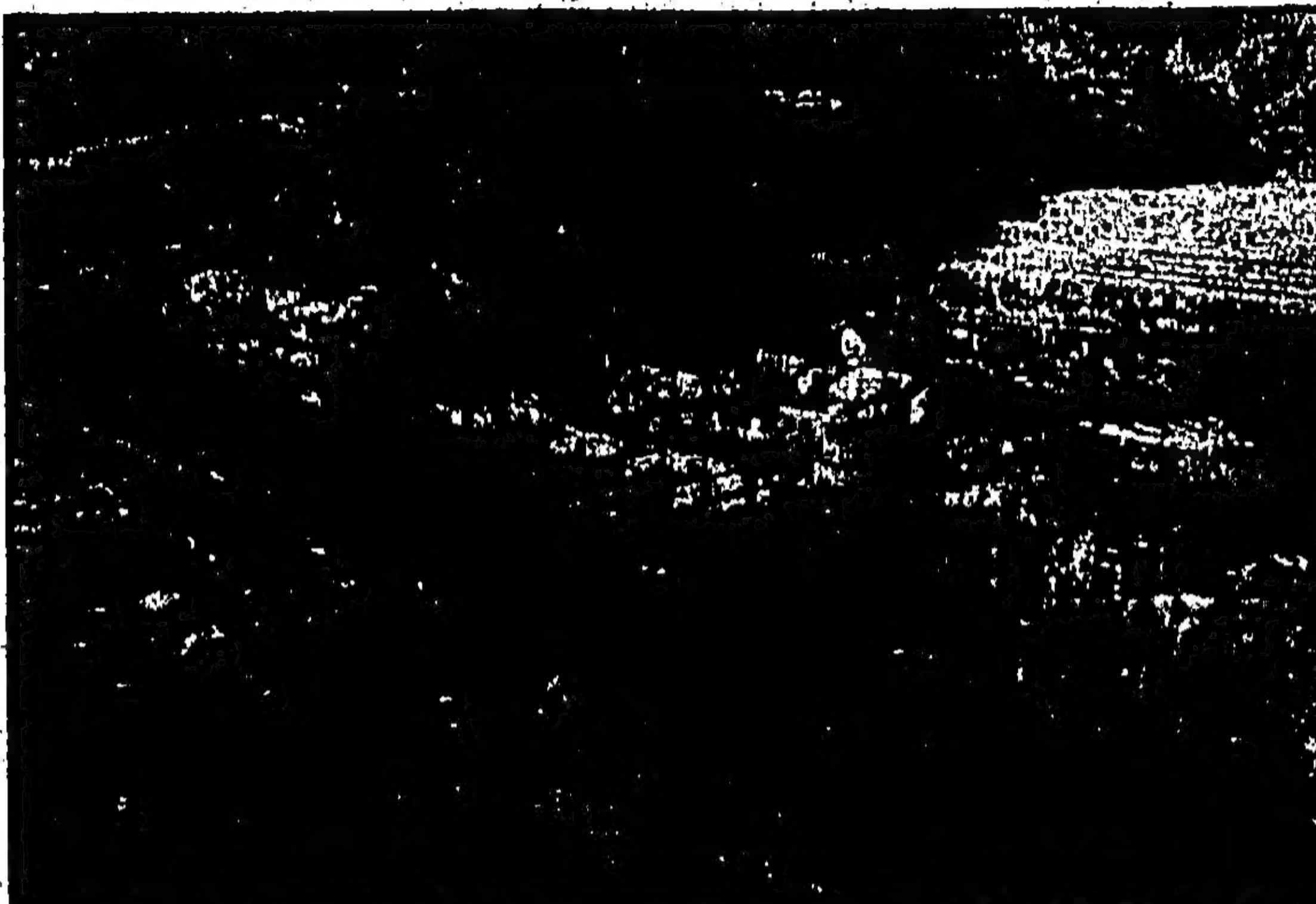
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PAL
PALESTINE AIRLINES

From the Soviet Zone Of Berlin Dr Otto John speaks

BROADCAST BY MISSING OFFICIAL

The Fire's Wide Area Of Destruction



'VERY DIFFICULT TO FORM SEATO'

Dulles's Statement On Asia

Washington, July 23.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, told a press conference today that the process of getting the East Asian countries together in any proposed security pact was very difficult.

He was replying to a correspondent who asked if any thought had been given to including eventually such countries as Japan and Formosa in the proposed pact.

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He was replying to a correspondent who asked if any thought had been given to including eventually such countries as Japan and Formosa in the proposed pact.

Mr Dulles pointed out that when he negotiated the United States security pacts with Japan, the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand, he had thought of the possibility of one rather broad alliance.

But, he added, political differences, conflicts of interest, and lack of common traditions among the countries in the area had made it impossible at that time to bring about as broadly based an association as he had hoped for.

He said that in Southern Vietnam there was already a good supply of military equipment, and with the fighting at an end, there would be ample quantities of weapons for the predictable war.

Mr Dulles called on the Allies in the face of the Indo-China settlement at Geneva to "mourn the past but to seize the future opportunity to prevent the loss in northern Vietnam from leading to the extension of Communism throughout Southeast Asia and the Southwest Pacific".

Mr Dulles said it might be desirable for the great Powers of the West and the nations of Southeast Asia to make a declaration that they will resist further Red aggression in the Southeast Asia area.

Mr Dulles said such a declaration would not leave Southeast Asia a vacuum while preparations for a defence pact are underway.—Reuters and United Press.

SHELL
72 MILLION MILES
AHEAD

Only after 72 million miles of road tests, using every type of engine, was I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) put on the market. The unique properties of Shell Gasoline with I.C.A. result in smoother running, more power and longer spark plug life. Try it and see!



AMPLE SUPPLY

U.K. Minister To Go To Cairo For Suez Talks

London, July 23.

The Minister of War, Mr Anthony Head, will leave for Cairo tomorrow for talks on the Suez Canal Zone dispute, the Foreign Office announced here tonight.

New British proposals on the dispute had been under discussion between Britain and Egypt in informal meetings in Cairo for the last two weeks.

A Foreign Office spokesman was unable to say tonight whether Mr Head's arrival in Cairo would mark the start of formal negotiations in the issue.

In a formal statement the Foreign Office said: "It has been decided that the Secretary of State for War, Mr Anthony Head, should proceed to Cairo to take part in discussions with the Egyptian Government over the Suez Canal bases.

"He will be accompanied by Mr Evelyn Shuckburgh, Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office and Brigadier G. H. Baker of the War Office."

The informal talks have been conducted on the British side by the Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, and the Chief-of-Staff, Middle East Land Forces, Major-General R. E. Benson.

THREE POINTS

These informal negotiations are proceeding on three main points:

(1) The duration of any agreement arrived at on the basis of total British evacuation of the 80,000 strong British garrison.

(2) The period required for evacuation.

(3) The terms on which Egypt would permit the return of foreign troops.

Britain has proposed reoccupation of the base in the event of a threat to Turkey, Persia or any Arab state.

Egypt has so far refused to agree to the resumption of this base in the case of Persia.

British comments on certain Egyptian counter-proposals have now been sent to Cairo and are expected to form the basis of a fourth informal meeting between the representatives of the two countries tomorrow.

Big Majority For Mendes-France

Paris, July 23.

Premier M. Pierre Mendes-France won overwhelming approval tonight from the French Parliament for the Indo-China peace he negotiated at Geneva.

The official National Assembly figures gave him a 501-63 majority. (See P. 20 For Debate)—United Press.

WINES
for the connoisseur...



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cellars of

HAWKES

OF BRISTOL

THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES
MONTAGUE, COTTON, MARY AND
BRISTOL CREAM

OF BRISTOL

THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES
MONTAGUE, COTTON, MARY AND
BRISTOL CREAM

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, AT 2.30, 5.30, AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.20 and 9.30 7.30 and 9.30 7.30 & 9.30
P.M. P.M. P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

NEW HEIGHTS OF ADVENTURE!

ACTUALLY FILMED WITH THE WHALING FLEET
IN THE ICY ANTARCTIC!

ALAN LADD IN HIS TOP ADVENTURE!

ALAN LADD IN HELL BELOW ZERO

JOAN LEEZEL BOB SYDNEY STANLEY RUBIN

DIRECTED BY ALICE COOPER AND RAY COOKE PRODUCED BY ERNEST K. WHITING

PRODUCED BY ERNEST K. WHITING DIRECTED BY RAY COOKE

PRODUCED BY ERNEST K. WHITING DIRECTED BY RAY COOKE

ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

SUNDAY MORNING KING'S AT 11.30 A.M.

Gary COOPER • Grace KELLY in

"HIGH NOON"

Released thru United Artists.

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

From the Organisation which gave you "Genevieve" and "Doctor in the House", now comes another Smash Hit!



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ON WIDE ASTROLITE SCREEN

A Spectacular, Picturization of the Sensational Stage Success!

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KATHRYN GRAYSON, HOWARD KEEL, ANN MILLER

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

ROD TAYLOR, TOM JONES, MCG-M's

Tom & Jerry Technicolor Cartoons

At Reduced Prices!

Around Hollywood With MICHAEL RUDDY

JUDY GARLAND IS A STAR RE-BORN

Warner Brothers Studios, the best-planned and most efficient of the Hollywood film factories, is busy and 2,500 workers cheerfully jingle those silver dollars on payday . . . Seven films are on the floor, although two are actually filming: "In Rome," "Helen of Troy," and near Cairo, "Land of the Pharaohs."

But for both these productions, the mill, the prop shop, and "six" other departments, have turned out thousands of weapons, in wood and plastic, as actors are not expendable, and shipped them to the cinema battles . . .

For three Britons, Torin Thatcher, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Robert Douglas (a doughty Scot, family name Finlayson), "Helen of Troy" has been a career. Six months in Rome, living in luxurious villas, all expenses paid by Warners, no, ho, for the life of an actor!

Jack Hawkins and James Robertson Justice, a fine man in kilts and with falcon, will come to Hollywood later this year for a relaxing session of interviews and personal appearances . . .

COSTIEST IN HISTORY

At the Burbank studios, the biggest musical, and the costliest in Warner history, "A Star Is Born," is in the completion stage. I watched Judy Garland in the 14-minute dance spectacle, in which she tells in song and dance, the history of her full life . . .

Choreographer is brilliant Dick Barstow. He and his sister danced in Britain like Fred and Adele Astaire. He created dances for Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in "Tonight at 8.30". He worked for C.B. Cochran. Knew Anna Neagle when she was Marjorie Robertson. I create the dances and the spectacles for the Ringling Bros. Circus, but this, indicating the stage on which 77 dancers awaited Judy Garland, "is what I enjoy most," he said . . .

Virginia Mayo is a royal time in "King Richard and the Crusaders." Warner's version of Sir Walter Scott's "The Talisman". Battles between Crusaders and Saracens are fought over her, but Laurence Harvey as the Scottish knight (speaking a sort of Old Vic English) sweeps her off in the fade-out . . .

Oh, it's all gallant, knighthood in flower, with the

"O.K. Let's go, Judy! Ready?" Wearing an old-fashioned top hat, tails, vest and light pants of '00s, Judy nodded. The cameras zoomed high over the stage. The music began. And against a kaleidoscope of brilliantly costumed dapers, Judy sang "Swanee" and a medley of old songs . . . You'll cheer when you see this!

Out of this re-make with music and dance of a classic film, Judy is like a phoenix a star re-born . . . I talked with her for a few minutes while she relaxed in her dressing-room. "I hope everyone will like this film. We've all worked very hard . . . And next year I hope to return to London and Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and again meet the wonderful people who helped me so much," Judy said.

FOUND WANTING

"I have learned what the responsibility of being a star is . . . And her co-star, James Mason, in the Canadian Stratford Festival, is also learning that Shakespeare cannot be taken lightly. His "Measure for Measure" was dissected by the critics and found wanting . . . But a good effort. Even when compared with what . . . Also Guinness might have done . . .

The Silver Chalice", one of the many in the Biblical cycle, is being directed by former Birmingham cinema manager, Victor Savillo, who launched his career as an independent producer with two of Mickey Spillane's mayhem sex and murder items . . . Jack Palance (remember him in "Shane" and "Sudden Fear") is a sort of magician-conjuror-juggler in this, with beautiful Virginia Mayo and charming Pier Angeli wearing silken robes of the period and smiling gently for the cameras.

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Oh, it's all gallant, knighthood in flower, with the

villainous Sultan, Rex Harrison, biting the dust after several hand-to-hand fights — mace versus battle-axe, sword versus scimitar. George Sanders growls through his regal role as King Richard, dices like a monarch, and the two wicked plotters, Michael Pate and Robert Douglas, get their come-uppance . . . Great spectacle, all made in Southern California, and should make millions.

Alan Ladd, Audrey Dalton and Marissa Pavan (Peter Angel's twin sisters) were having coffee outside their caravan-dressing rooms as I walked on to the set of "Drum Beat", another of the standard stories of the U.S. Cavalry versus the Redskins.

"Join us?" said Alan, in tune and riding boots. "We've just come back from a wonderful location, Sedona, in Northern Arizona, but it was hot, 110 in the shade." "There was no shade," Audrey murmured. "But the sky was so blue, it reminded me of Italy," said Marissa . . .

COOL PICTURE

Alan Ladd's last film, made in Britain, about whaling in the Antarctic, called "Hell Below Zero", is being shown in the USA . . . It ought to do well this summer. That's a cool picture. 50 below zero, icebergs. Vast ice floes." Alan said. Good selling point.

New Team: Dan Dailey and Gene Kelly in "Fair Weather", a musical at MGM . . . And "Oklahoma" will be filmed in Arizona because Oklahoma doesn't look like the Oklahoma of the musical any more.

Enter The Mason Tot

By LEONARD MOSLEY



Are child film stars human beings too? Not to me.

When I see the name of an infant at the top of the bill of a big new film I quell my instant revulsion by telling myself:

"Now, now, don't start with prejudices. Just treat the brat as if it were a puma or a tiger, and regard the picture in the same category as an animal film."

The only comfort I get from seeing children in films is the knowledge that no matter how much I dislike them, the producer, director, and cameramen have loathed them more.

You have an easier time and you get fewer bruises photographing rhinoceroses.

Yet there are exceptions. I doubt, for instance, if the director of a short film called "The Child" has any trouble whatever getting a performance out of his tiny tot. For the director is James Mason, and the child is his own daughter, Pamela.

Portland's co-star is her mother, Pamela Kelling Mason, and the producer of "The Child" (London Express Service)

And the coldest looking setting of the month was on Stage 7 where director William Wellman ("The High and the Mighty") was rehearsing with Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright, Diana Lynn, Beulah Bondi, Philip Tonge and Tab Hunter. Staged before us was snow, clean, fresh, vast expanses of white light to the far-girded mountain peaks . . . The only touch of colour was a scarlet Mackinaw worn by Mitchum.

Contrasts for Diana Lynn, last in London as the gay teenager of "The Moon Is Blue". "I'm the unhappy frustrated spinster stuck in this mountain village," Diana said. "The ménage is a cougar, a killer, in this story, "Track of the Cat." The locale is the High Sierras, 1890, and perfect for this sombre tale, in the greys and whites of winter.

Virginia Mayo's husband, Michael O'Shea, was asked by Warners to see the premiere of "King Richard, etc." which stars his wife. "Sorry," he said. "I'm doing a television show and I simply cannot be associated with motion pictures in any way," he said.

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QUEEN'S

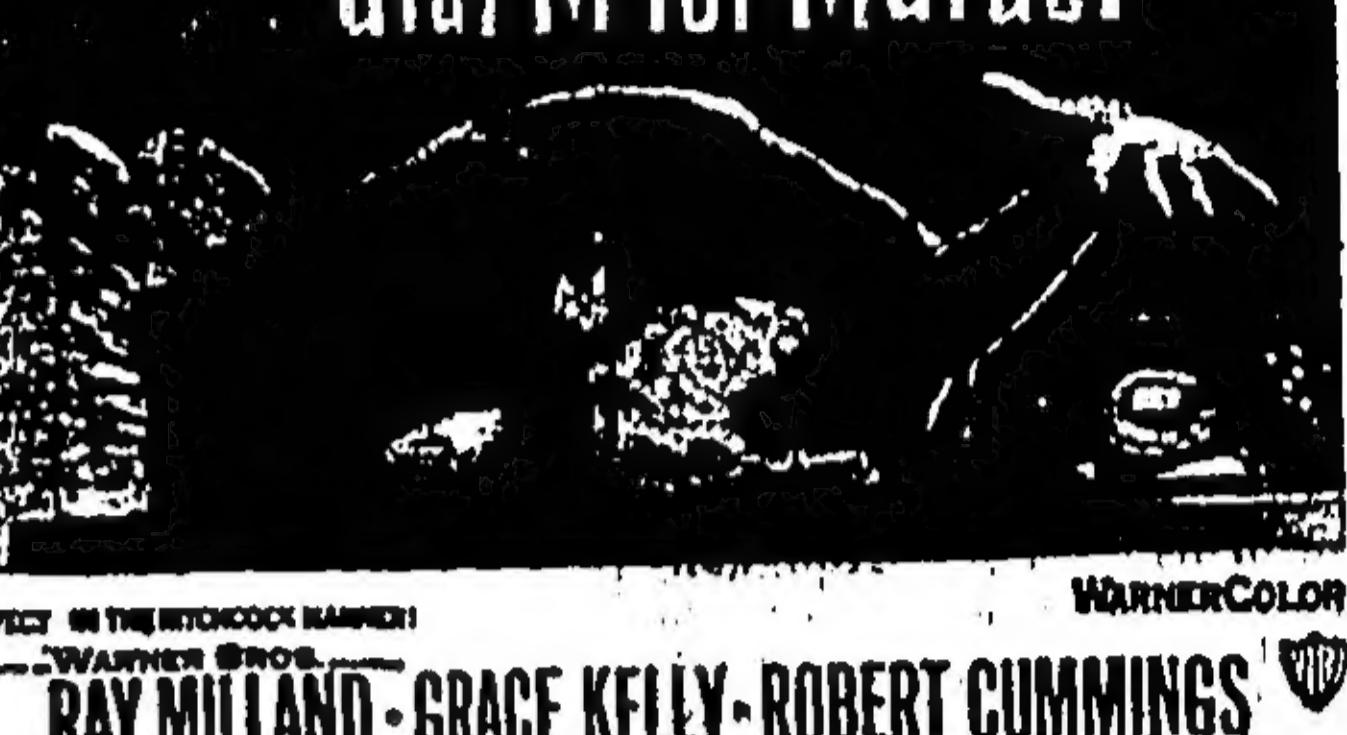
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MGM's Technicolor Musical
"TEXAS CARNIVAL"
With Esther Williams, Red Skelton
AT REDUCED PRICES!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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NEXT CHANCE (BY REQUEST)
"LUCRECE BORGIA"
Color By Technicolor

MATINEE CAROL — PEDRO ARMENDARIZ

AL HAMBRA
TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.
Columbia's
VARIETY PROGRAM

(3 Stooges Comedies — Color Cartoons)
REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c.

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ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject
"THE FIRST PIANO QUARTET" Color by DELUXE

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At 12.00 Noon

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A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by
20th Century-Fox
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LEE GREAT WORLD

SHOWING TO-DAY



MORNING SHOW
TO-MORROW
AT 12.30 P.M.
WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices!

SHOWING TO-DAY
2.30—5.30—7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!

CINEMASCOPE WARNER BROS.
PRESENTS

THE COMMIES



SHOWING TO-DAY

2.30—5.30—7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

He's Carving A Huge Monument Out Of A Mountainside

Custer, South Dakota. A sculptor who is carving a masterpiece out of a mountainside said it might take the remaining years of his life "and a little more" to finish a huge monument to the American Indian.

But Korezak Ziolkowski still nursed a glimmer of hope that he might live to finish the sculpture of the Indian Chief, Crazy Horse, who led the Sioux charge that wiped out General George A. Custer and his troops.

21st Birthday Of A Play That Preaches

Hollywood. The nation's oldest stage play celebrated its 21st birthday last week when "The Drunkard" preached the doctrine of "sobriety and the good life" for the 7,816th time.

The old-time temperance drama began on June 6, 1933. Its producers had hoped for a moderately successful run of two weeks.

From the beginning, the old P.T. Barnum tear-jerker was played straight—and the customers joined in with cheers for the hero and hisses for the villain.

When it was revived in 1933, the play had not been staged for 90 years. Lines that drew sobs from ladies and caused men to brush tears from their eyes a century ago fetch only laughs today.

At first apple cider was served during performances of the re-incarnated moral drama. However, its producers quickly changed to beer when the 18th amendment was repealed on December 5, 1933.

COFFEE AND BEER

During its phenomenal run longer than any other play in history—customers have consumed 36,500 pounds of coffee; 2,340,000 sandwiches and 5,000,000 bottles of beer. If all the pretzels consumed at "The Drunkard" were laid end to end they would reach around the earth.

Many of the actors have been with the show since the beginning. Others have joined the cast and have gone on to become stars in other shows. The play has had six heroes, nine heroines and five villains. It has survived two deceased cast members, celebrated 22 marriages and 17 babies. Five children outréve the part of the drunkard's daughter before the role was eliminated because of constant replacements.

A few months ago the play was modernised to the extent that a musical version titled "The Wayward Way" was added and played on alternate nights. The new version became an immediate hit. The cast voted to take "The Wayward Way" on the road so that people who haven't managed to visit Hollywood will have an opportunity to see it. — United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



A 'Must' For Any Self-Respecting Tourist



Irish Craftsmen Earn Dollars With Stained-Glass Windows

Dublin. American Catholics are turning more and more to Ireland for stained-glass windows for their churches and cathedrals.

In hundreds of churches, not only in the United States, but all over the world the light that streams through the tall windows is touched to magic colours by the artistry of a small group of workers in a Dublin studio.

LONG WAY TO GO
Ziolkowski, now 45, has blasted \$80,000 tons of rock out of the mountain since beginning the project in 1948. That leaves more than 4,500,000 tons to go. The work still had not reached recognised shape to most of the tourists who visited the site last year.

The \$5,000,000 project is supported almost entirely by the donations of these visitors and Ziolkowski said he would refuse to continue work if Federal funds were appropriated. He said he feared Government supervision of the work.

The memorial was designed as a tribute to the American Indian to honour "a race and a man who never surrendered, even in defeat."

Ziolkowski intends to have at the base of the mountain a museum, a university and a medical centre for all American Indians.

It was Crazy Horse who led the Indians that wiped out Custer and his men at the Little Big Horn in June, 1870.

But the Indian's triumph was short-lived and he was bayoneted and killed the following year by soldiers who were trying to throw him into a guardhouse at Camp Robinson, Nebraska.—United Press.

Course In Australian Literature Now

Canberra.

For the first time, an Australian University is offering a full course in Australian literature. Mr Tom Inglis Moore, Australian author and critic, is in charge of the course to be given at the Canberra University.—United Press.

1,000 Miles From The Sea But Winnipeg Has A Harbour

Winnipeg. Winnipeg is 1,000 miles from the sea, yet it has a harbour. Admittedly, it's a small harbour—just a wharf about 250 ft. long, on the banks of the Red River, off Main Street.

Few people think much of Winnipeg harbour in the winter-time. The wharf backs on to a waste lot. The Red River is frozen solid and covered with snow.

A trail of footprints where someone takes a short cut to get to the river from St Boniface on the opposite bank.

Along the wharf, a circle of poles fence off an open sewer, so small boys skating on the river won't fall in.

The harbour's busy season begins in May and goes on until the end of October. Most of the river-boats using the harbour belong to the big fishing companies. They are small boats, from 30 to 60 tons, bringing fish and lumber from Lake Winnipeg, and taking back anything from an automobile to a stack of flour.

Things can get pretty busy down at the wharf, if a lot of fish have been caught on the lake.

Harbourmaster Harry Punton says there have been 18 boats in the harbour at the same time, but that was a red-letter day. Mostly, there are no more than three boats in every day.

The wharf belongs to the Federal Government which is thinking of making it 75 ft. longer.

Punton is 58 and the only full-time employee of the harbour. He has had the job for three years and before that was station manager of a C.A.P. headquarter in a building in Brandon. He has also been a policeman and a fireman.

He also acts as a kind of river policeman. His patrol boat is fitted with two-way police radio. All sorts of things happen on the river. Small boys "borrow" someone else's boat, or go out in a home-made one of their own.

Sometimes, Punton just pulls them out of water, sometimes he calls the police "to give the boys a good fright." He looks

for lost or stolen boats, and is proud of the fact that so far he has always been able to return them. Another of his jobs is to see that boats are licensed and have paid their dues.

Punton likes the life. He likes being his own boss, in sole charge of the harbour—even if it is one of the smallest harbours in the world.—United Press.

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He's Made Racing In Ontario What It Is

Toronto. Colonel K.R. Marshall, the distinguished president of the Ontario Jockey Club, is a man who has the best interests of racing at heart. He ought to. He's been an executive of the club for 25 years, 13 as director and president for the last 12.

An old polo player and steeplechase rider himself, Colonel Marshall has been following horses as long as he can remember. Perhaps that's a good enough reason for the healthy state of affairs on Ontario race tracks. But the colonel and leading members of the club, which is 80 years old this year, are concerned not only with track improvement in the quality of horses bred in the province.

"I can assure you," he told the meeting, "that the Ontario Jockey Club is doing everything within its means to move with the times and increase the popularity of racing in this province.

THE OBJECTIVE

"Greater comfort, attractive surroundings and conveniences together with free parking for the patrons, better understanding of the sportsmen's problems and racing which offers plenty of encouragement to breed high class thoroughbreds" in Canada is our objective."

In addition he outlined plans for a new track to be built on 700 acres of land already acquired in Etobicoke, outside Toronto. The Ontario Jockey Club, which owns the Woodbine track in Toronto and the Fort Erie track, would then have three tracks running again. The Hamilton track was recently sold to Simpson-Scars for a department store site.

During the 25 years that Col. Marshall has been connected with the Club, racing standards have steadily improved. The year 1954 will see further improvements.

\$1,000,000 SPENT

At Fort Erie improvements before next summer will bring a new club house, reconstruction of grandstand, moving and resurfacing of the racing strip, extension of parking facilities and additional stabilizing. Modernisation at Fort Erie thus far has cost over one million dollars.

Last year saw a considerable improvement at Woodbine where an enlarged paddock and extended facilities for horsemen and public were built.

Woodbine will open on May 22 and run to July 1. The improved Fort Erie track will run on July 1 and racing returns to Woodbine in the first week of September for a total of 84 days. It's a sum bet the distinguished Ontario Jockey Club president will be out at the tracks as often as he can. Certainly there couldn't be any takers he won't put in appearances on opening and Queen's Plate day.—United Press.

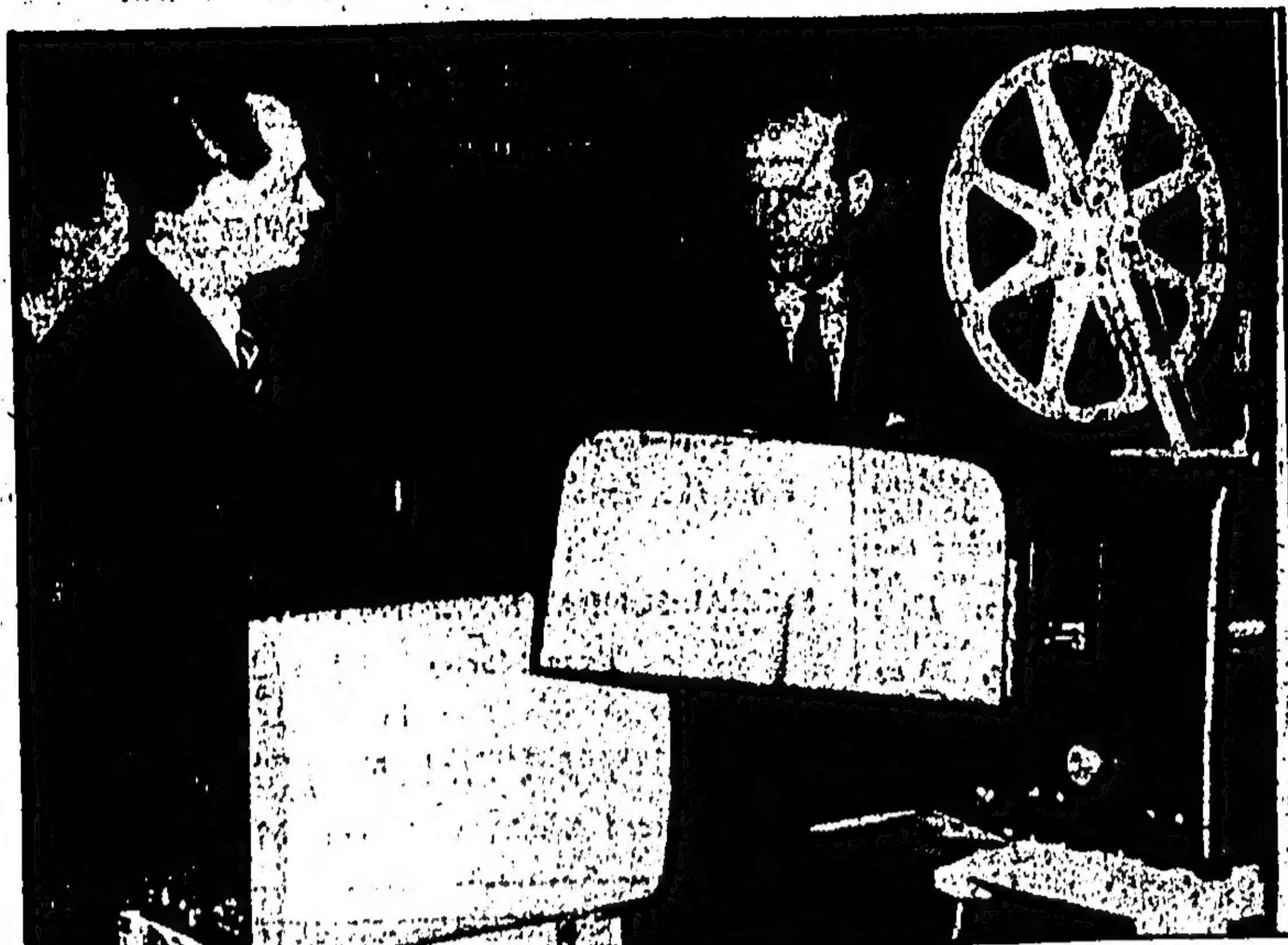
» Bayer's "TONIC"



BAYER'S
TONIC

TONIC</p

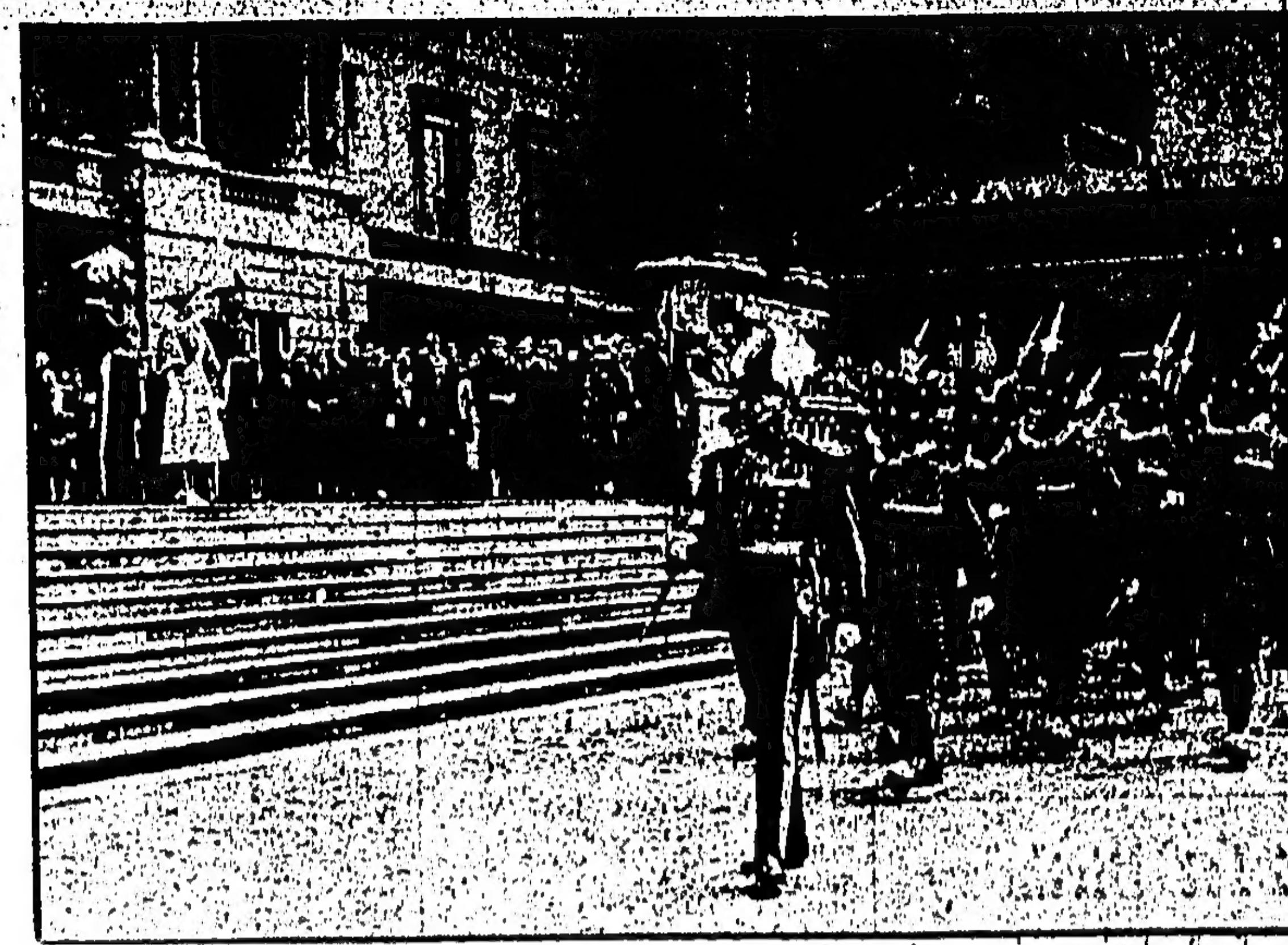
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



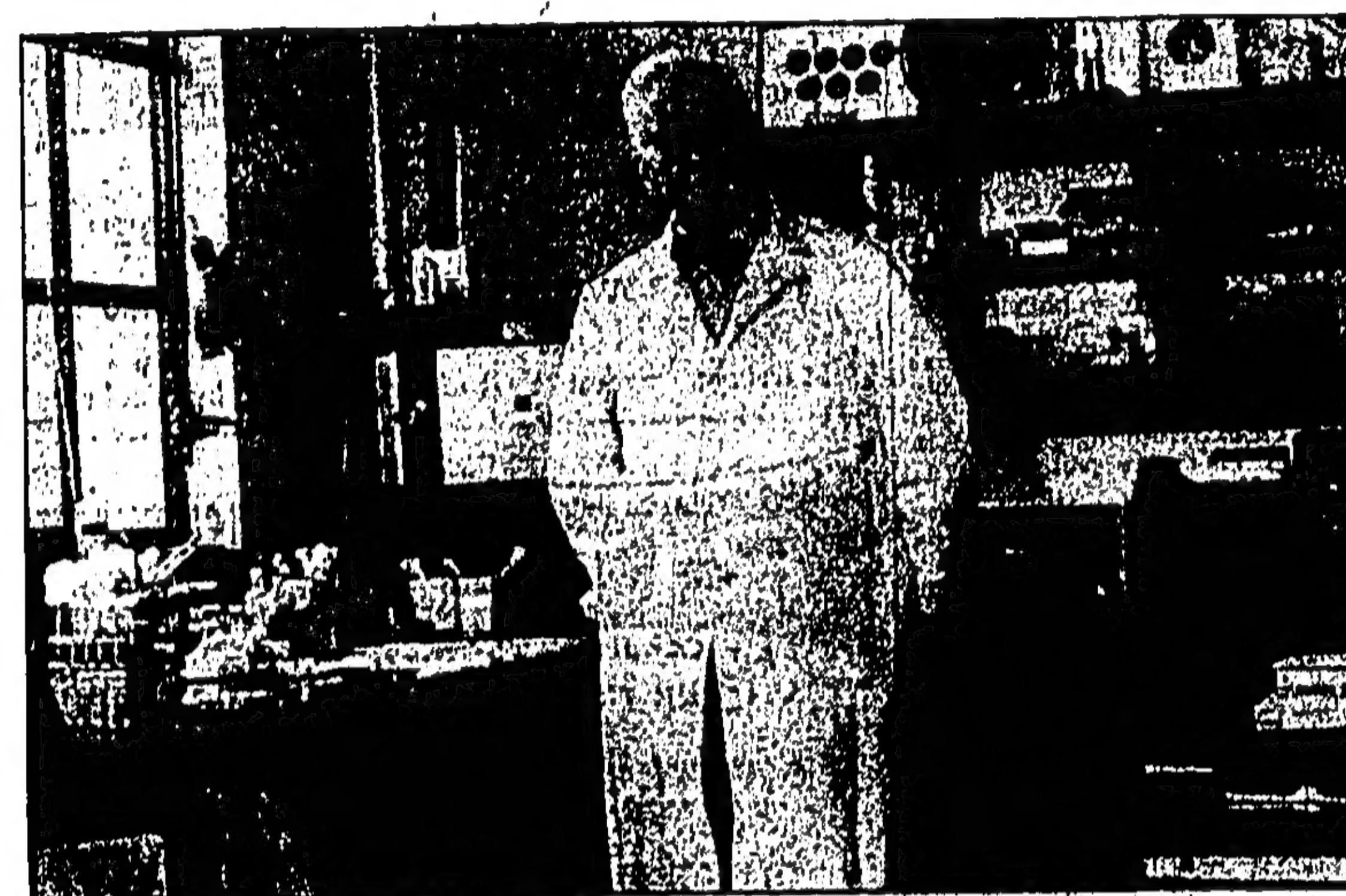
THE Duke of Edinburgh went to the preview of the exhibition of scientific films and other visual educational aids at the Senate House, University of London. His Royal Highness is being shown a new British projector. (Express)



LITTLE Susan Curtis holding the Victoria Cross which was won by her father, Lieut. P. K. E. Curtis, during the Imjin River battle in Korea three years ago, when he was killed. Susan, now seven, went recently to Buckingham Palace to receive the award from Her Majesty the Queen. (Express)



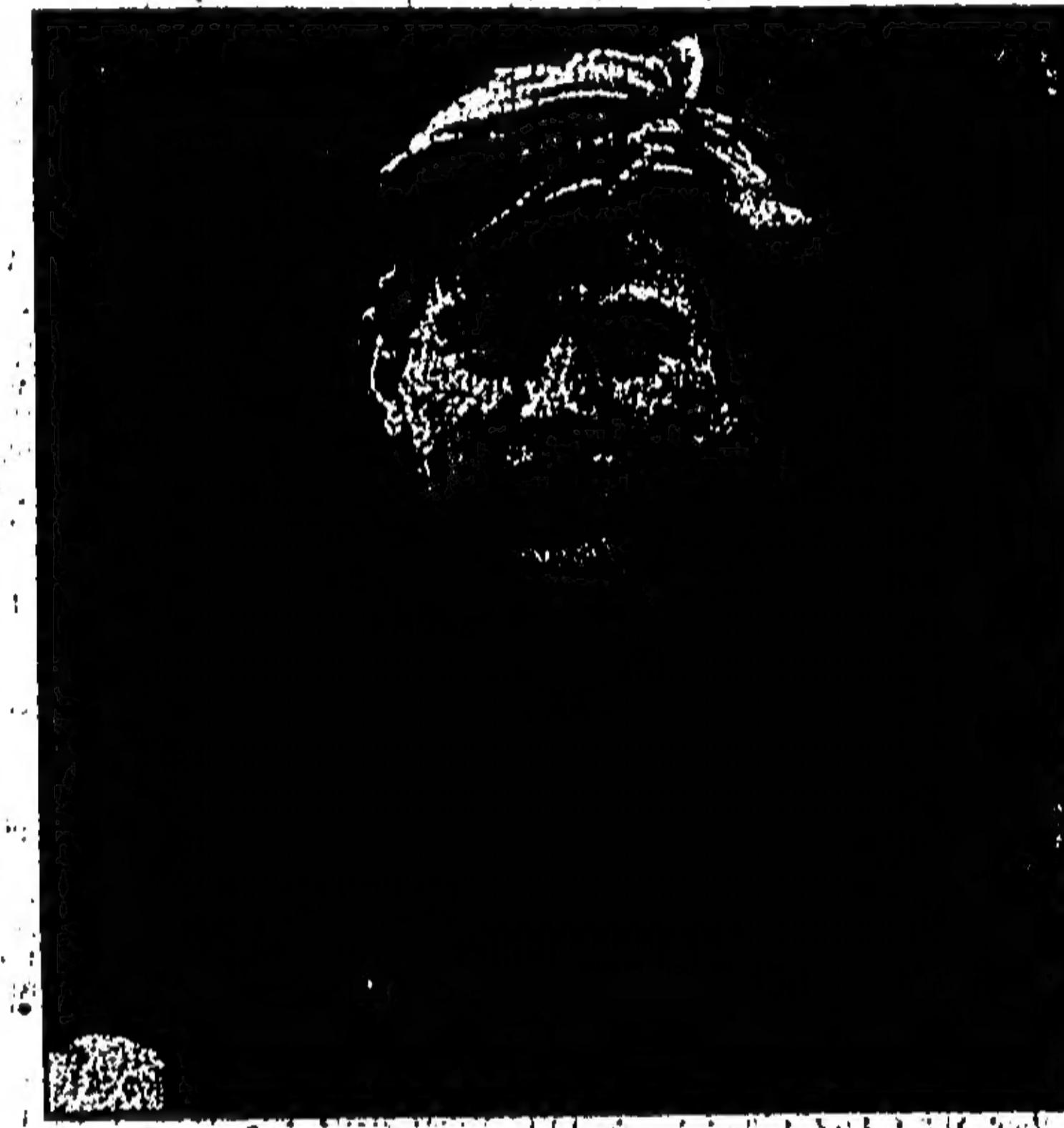
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN inspecting the Yeomen of the Guard in the garden of Buckingham Palace. The Queen is standing between Lord Onslow (left) and General Sir Alan Adair as she watches the Yeomen of the Guard march by in their historic uniforms. (Express)



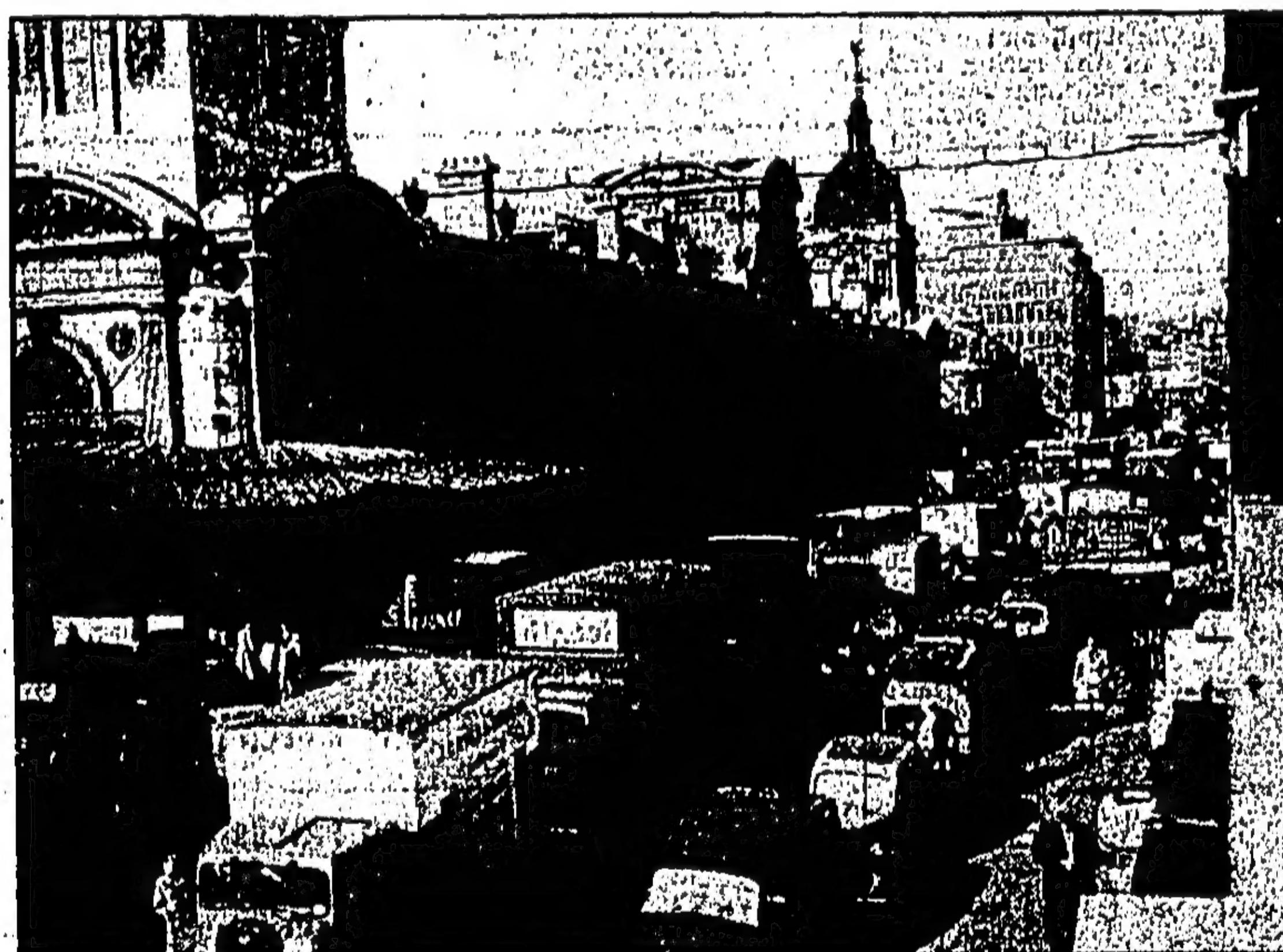
THE discoverer of penicillin now works in a new, larger laboratory attached to St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Sir Alexander Fleming, white-coated as above, is there daily continuing his work. (Express)



GORDON PIRIE, athlete of the year, resting in bed at his home in Coulsdon, Surrey, following a foot injury which kept him from a White City track meeting. A pair of German "warming up" shoes dug into his instep during training. (Express)



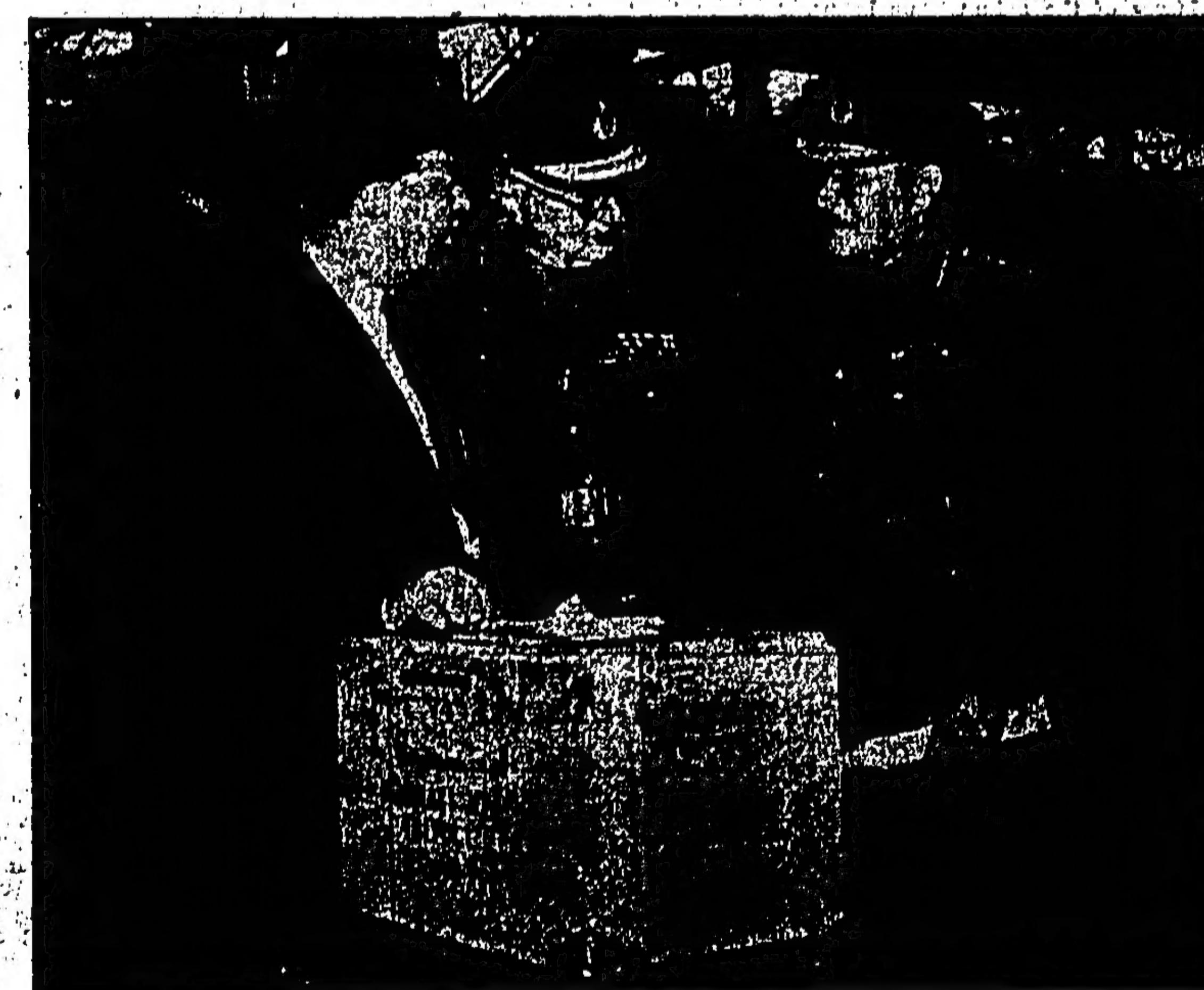
MUSSOLINI'S 16-year-old grandson, Count Mario Ciano, is in England for two months to learn English. His mother is the former Italian dictator's eldest daughter, and his father was Foreign Minister during the Fascist regime. (Express)



PART of the traffic pile-up outside Smithfield Market, London's great meat trading centre, on the first day of derationing. There was chaos — traffic chaos as well as price chaos — as butchers rushed to be first. (Express)



MERSEYSIDE'S United Nations Boys' Club holds week-end camps at Ness, Wirral, Cheshire. Irrespective of colour, class and creed, boys from overcrowded city areas are able to romp in the fresh air. Here Kenny Rhodes jumps between two friends, Kenny Ng Soo from China and Philip Francis from Nigeria. (Express)



FIELD MARSHAL Earl Alexander, Minister of Defence (left), Major-General Sir Leslie Williams, Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps (centre), and General Sir Ouvry L. Roberts, Quartermaster-General to the Forces, visiting the packing section of the Central Ordnance Depot at Chilwell, Notts, the largest and most important RAOC depot in the United Kingdom. (Army News)



CADET G. A. G. LOVE of Althallowe School, London, Dover, has earned £1000 after making a machine gun worth £70 for his school. Nine hundred public school cadets have joined the Ammunition Committee since its formation in April.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

AMERICA COLUMN
from
NEWELL ROGERS

WILLIE WORM IS IN

New York.
SINGING TV commercials advertising soap or cigarettes have replaced nursery rhymes as the favourites of American kindergarten children.

This is one of the results disclosed by a Temple University survey of 200 children from three to 12 in the Oak Lane Day School, of Pennsylvania. Other discoveries:

1 "I saw it on TV" is a statement of authority among children, ranking just after "Mother told me," and far ahead of "I read it in a book."

2 Small children five years ago played house in the dolls' corner or drove trains. Today they are Willie the Worm, cowboys, Indians, Superman, robots or other TV characters.

The teachers believe TV kills imagination. Only five of the children's homes do not have TV. Some have two sets, one for adults, one for children.

In three Ohio cities, TV sets in use outnumber bathtubs 700,000 to 640,000. New York now has 2,250,000 TV sets to 2,400,000 bathtubs and showers.

A WIDOW'S MITE turned into America's biggest daily double in his day the other day. By beating outsiders Rocklite and Slick Trick in the fourth and fifth races at Agua Caliente, Mrs. Ottilia Alexander, middle-aged San Diego (California) widow, won \$12,724 for her \$2 investment.

She held the only daily double ticket on them.

TWO grandmothers are among the 95 airwomen competing in the annual "Powder Puff Derby" for small planes from Long Beach, California, 1,443 miles to Knoxville, Tennessee. Men are barred.

THE New York Daily Mirror demands that New York City shun off water supplies and police protection for the UNO embassies of 12 nations, and refuse to empty their dustbins. The 12 owe \$410,000 in city real estate taxes, and show no signs of eagerness to pay up. Russia heads the list, and France is also on it. But not Britain.

Says the Mirror needly: "The Russians do not like to pay taxes to capitalist countries although they were willing to take 11,000 million dollars in Lease-Lend. These free riders are chiselling."

WANDA LANDOWSKA, whom many people call the world's No. 1 harpsichordist, celebrated her 75th birthday by preparing a large-scale recording of 30 Bach compositions.

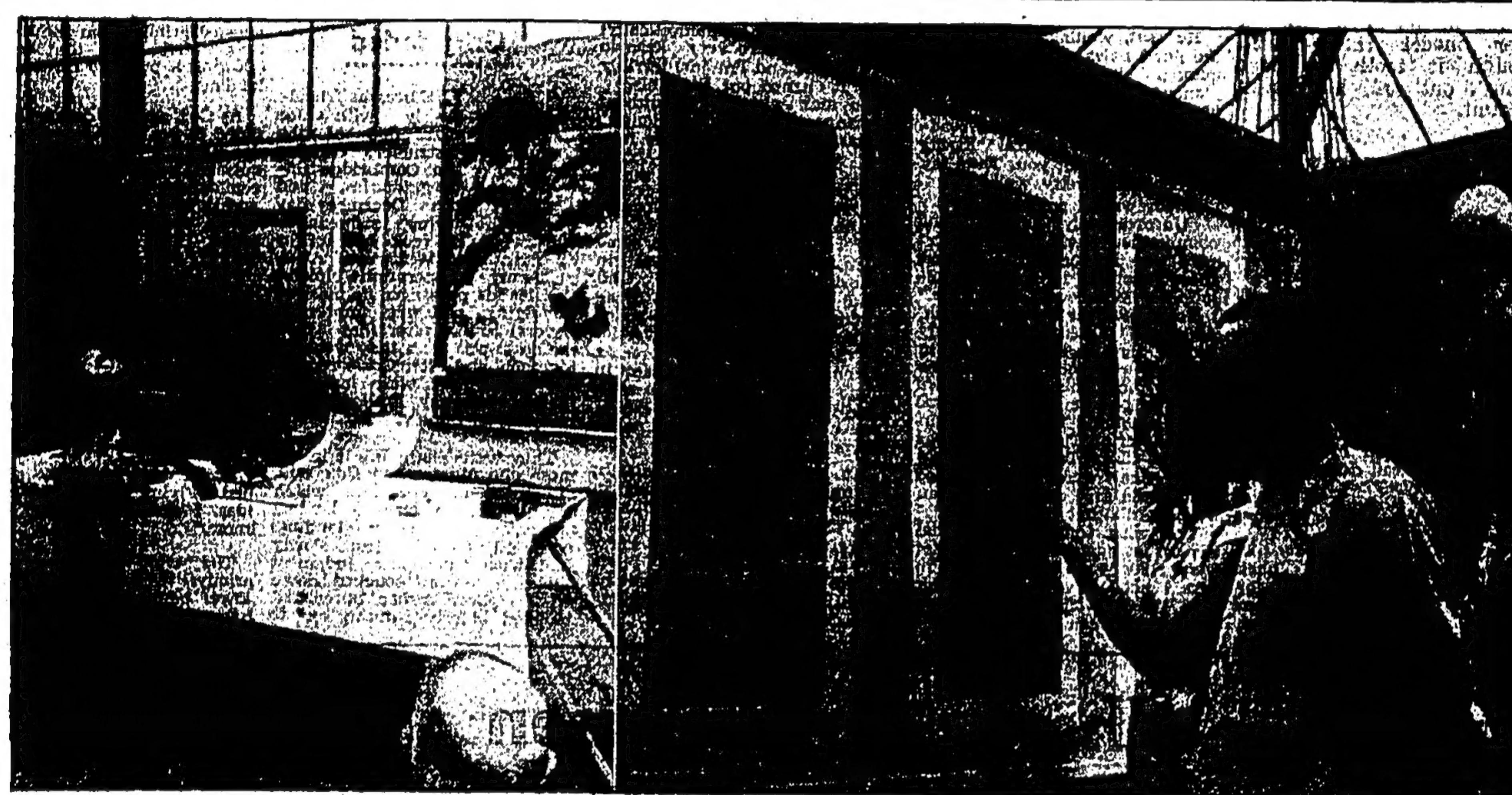
LINDA BETTY EVANS, a 20-year-old invalid in Bridgnorth, Shropshire, was made an honorary member of the police force in Russell, Kansas (population 6,483).

She wrote telling Police Chief Clinton Smith that her hobby is collecting information on police the world over.

A Russell girl, 15-years-old, Sara Atin Shaffer, is visiting an aunt in England this summer and will deliver a police badge and a picture of the Russell police force to Miss Evans.



"What d'you bet this one says - Cold for the time of the year or 'Dreadful weather for July'?" London Express Service



Singapore Finger Painter

MR. WU — Wu Tsaiyen, a British subject of Chinese descent from Singapore—is giving London its first demonstration of the ancient Chinese art of "Tse-hua," or finger painting. He is paying a visit to Britain, and an exhibition of his delicate work is being held at the Imperial Institute in South Kensington.

Probably the only artist in the world today who paints exclusively by this method, Mr. Wu uses his right forefinger, and his until recently High Commissioner in Malaya, opened one of his exhibitions at scrolls of special rice paper — the only with permanent water exhibition of a Chinese

colours prepared from the roots of plants which grow only in China. His "canvases" are about a yard wide and from 4 ft. to 6 ft. in length. His favourite subjects are chrysanthemums, birds and animals, foliage, bamboos and clades, portrayed with loving delicacy.

Mr. Wu's techniques have aroused considerable interest in Malaya, and he has toured the country giving demonstrations at the main centres. Sir Gerald Templer, right forefinger, and his until recently High Commissioner in Malaya, opened one of his exhibitions at Kuala Lumpur — the only with permanent water exhibition of a Chinese

artist which Sir Gerald has opened.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the present Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, and a keen art collector, has also attended a number of Mr. Wu's demonstrations.

The artist has given considerable sums of money raised at his exhibitions to charitable purposes, including £400 to the 1953 British flood relief fund.

Chinese legends say that finger paintings on scrolls and wall hangings decorated mandarins' palaces during the Tang dynasty, 1,400 years ago, and the art may well be 2,000 or more years older. No examples of finger painting of

this era have survived. It was revived between 1672-1734 A.D. in the Ching dynasty, but the art lapsed after the death of Kao Chi-pel, one of its leading exponents, about that time.

Mr. Wu "rediscovered" finger painting while studying Western styles of art in Shanghai 23 years ago. But there were no skilled teachers, and he had to experiment alone. In the meantime, he learned also the conventional methods of painting with brushes in typical Oriental style.

In the left-hand picture above, Mr. Wu is demonstrating his art at the Imperial Institute in London. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Wu with some of the most delicate exhibits at the London show.

J. W. Taylor

Stephen Coulter's Paris Diary

SECRECY OVER FAROUK'S FLAT

IIS ex-King Farouk's personal treasure salted away in Paris? Paris police have put a day and night watch on a small 5th floor luxury flat on the Boulevard Suchet, opposite the Bois de Boulogne, not far from where the Duke of Windsor used to live.

The doors of the flat which is rented in the name of Farouk's half-brother have been sealed by order of the Surete. Farouk used to stay there from time to time before the war. Police are being particularly secretive about why they are mounting guard but there are hot tips that Farouk has deposited most of his fortune — several million pounds — in gold in the flat.

People are speculating who would be the best winter hideaway for Farouk with

and a look into fantastic almost Dickensian world, I recommend an afternoon at the Palais de Justice, across the road from Notre Dame. This vast place seems to generate a bizarre atmosphere quite unlike anywhere else in the world and is full of strange and unlikely characters that one never seems to see outside its walls.

The visitor can wander about freely, taking samples of the various court proceedings, watching the French advocates with their curiously theatrical manners and costume, catching scraps of conversation that open up pages of pure fantasy. I can guarantee a hilarious hour for anyone with an eye for the unusual.

REMEMBER Somia Gamal, the black-haired Egyptian girl who was Farouk's favourite dancer? For my money she always looked full of future. Sure enough she's been filming with French comedian Fernandel in Morocco as the beautiful slave Morelaine in a new French version of *All About Eve*. The location shot was made in the village of Jemaa (Goldsmiths) in the mountains west of Casablanca.

She has just come out of the incubator where she has been since Isabelle's death in May and is being cared for by an English nurse, Miss Deborah Cockbill, who brought up the King and Queen of Denmark's children.

Jimmy goes to see the baby every day at his family's home eight miles outside Paris. She is already strikingly like her mother.

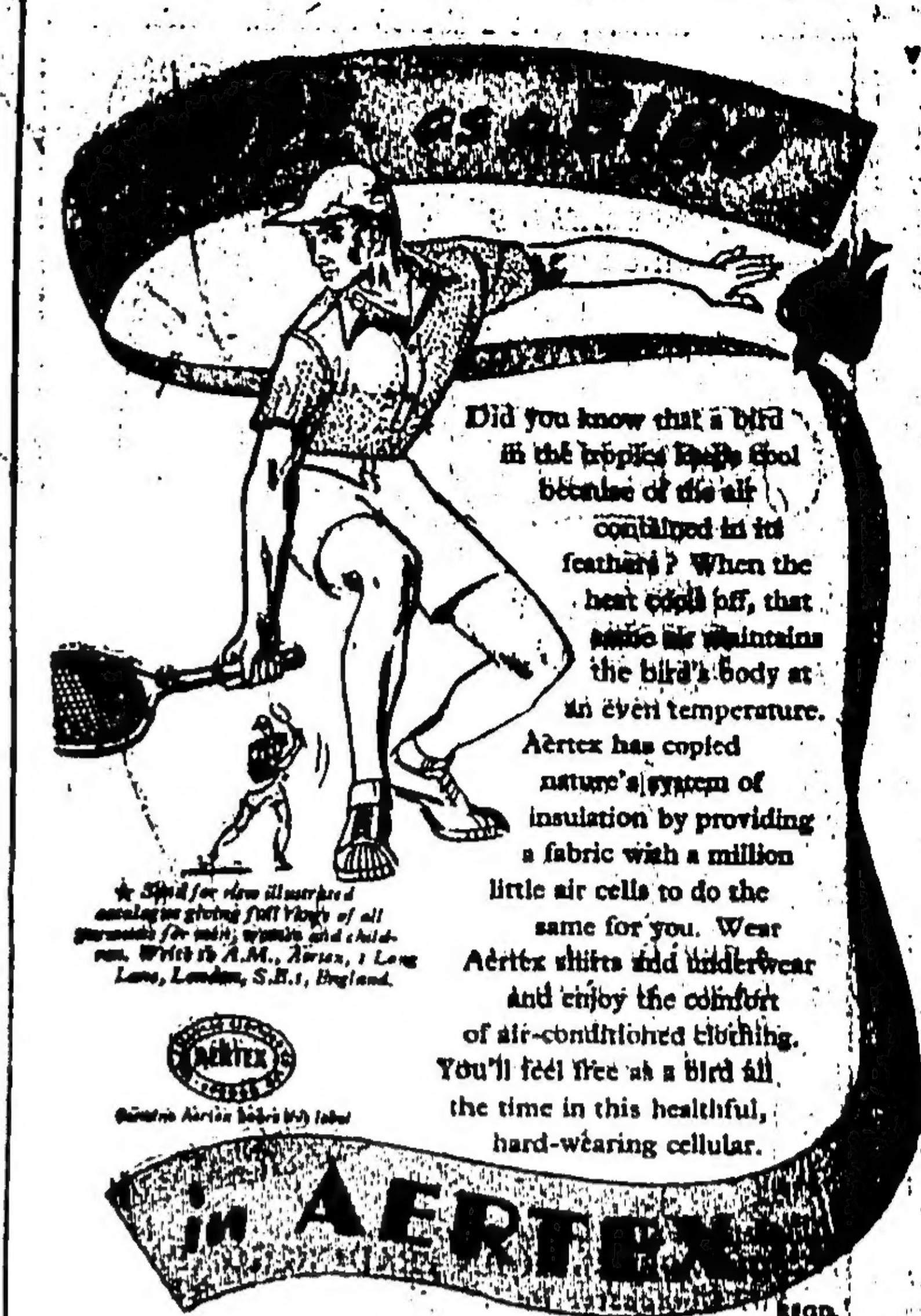
★

NONCONFORMISM in the secular sense has always been a strong point with the French. I noticed a postman delivering letters today who, like "Madam," was wearing a pair of khaki trousers, sandals, a blue sports shirt with open collar and a broad white belt that looked like his wife's. True, he did have on his regulation cap.

★

THARHILLE, the baby who met the life of Isabelle Morelaine in *All About Eve*, the Bolivian millionaire wife of Jimmie Goldsmith, is doing well.

Every now and then they accelerate, stop & maneuver, leap out and take his name and address. Good! Never on your life! The men in the crowd are still the Royal Automobile Club and they are stopping motorists to interview with a great enthusiasm, covering the road.



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BABY PANTS
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OF DISTINCTION!!

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No other watch has these "talking points"

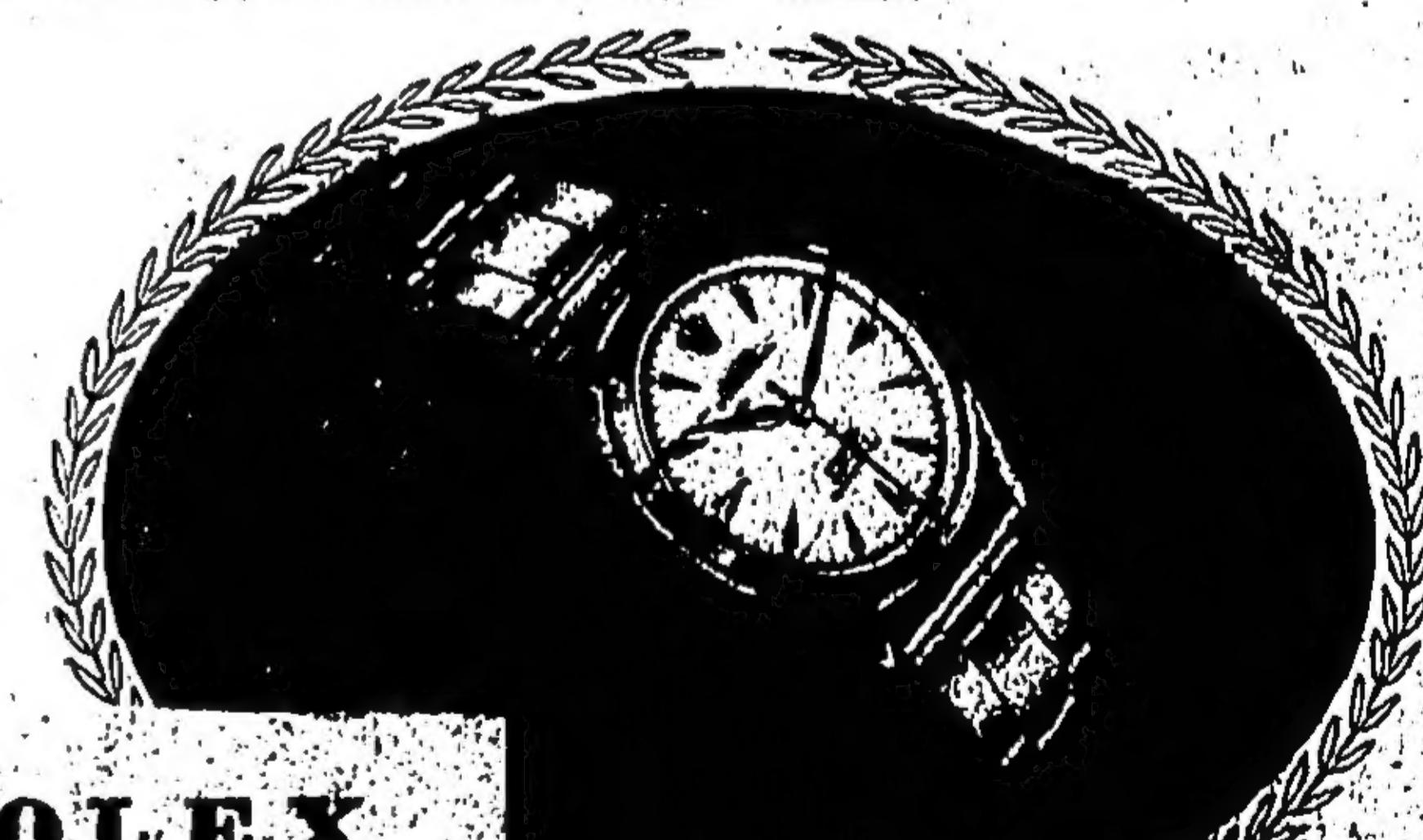
THE waterproof, self-winding wrist-watch only came into being through two great advances, both made by Rolex of Geneva. The first was the development of the famous Oyster case that permanently safeguards the movement from dust, damp or water.

The second was the evolution of the Rolex Perpetual "rotor" mechanism that keeps the watch automatically wound. Not only does this save the trouble of winding; it also ensures an even tension on the main spring and gives the movement a constant accuracy unattainable in a hand-wound watch.

These are two talking points that no other watch

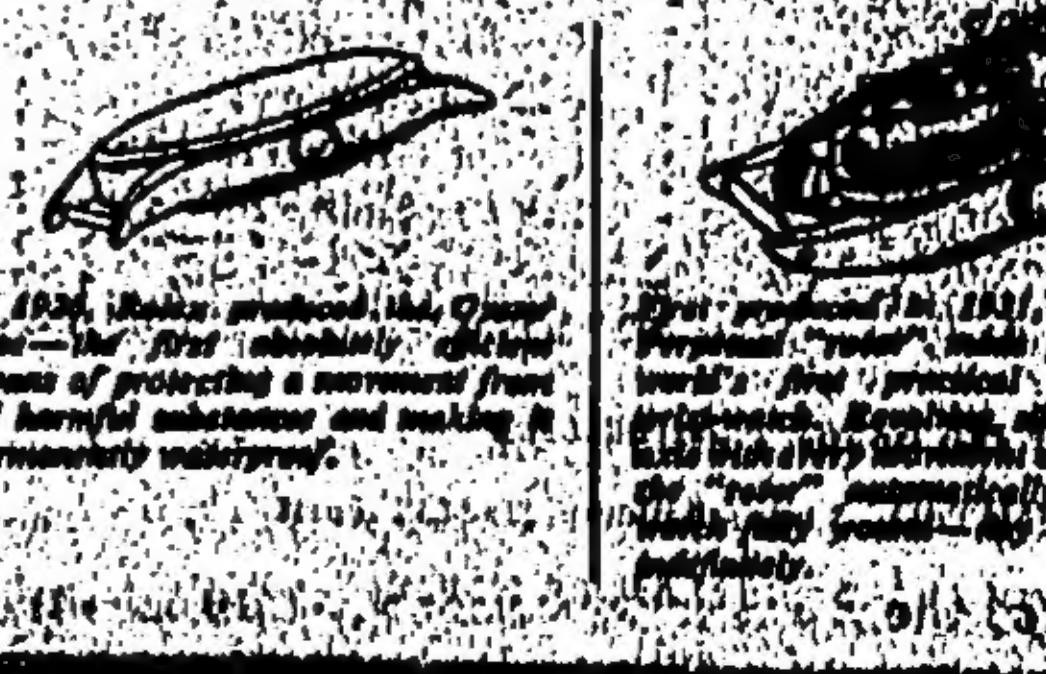
can provide. They are powerful and compelling. Well presented, they will convince any man who wants a really good watch that a Rolex Oyster Perpetual is what he is looking for.

Rolex advertising and promotion has been telling the story of these Rolex inventions for several years. They are dramatically illustrated by the famous Rolex testimonials appearing in current advertising. Rolex display material carries the story through into the shop. The Rolex Oyster Perpetual is the best prospective seller among the more expensive watches.



ROLEX
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TWO TRIUMPHS BEHIND A TRIUMPH



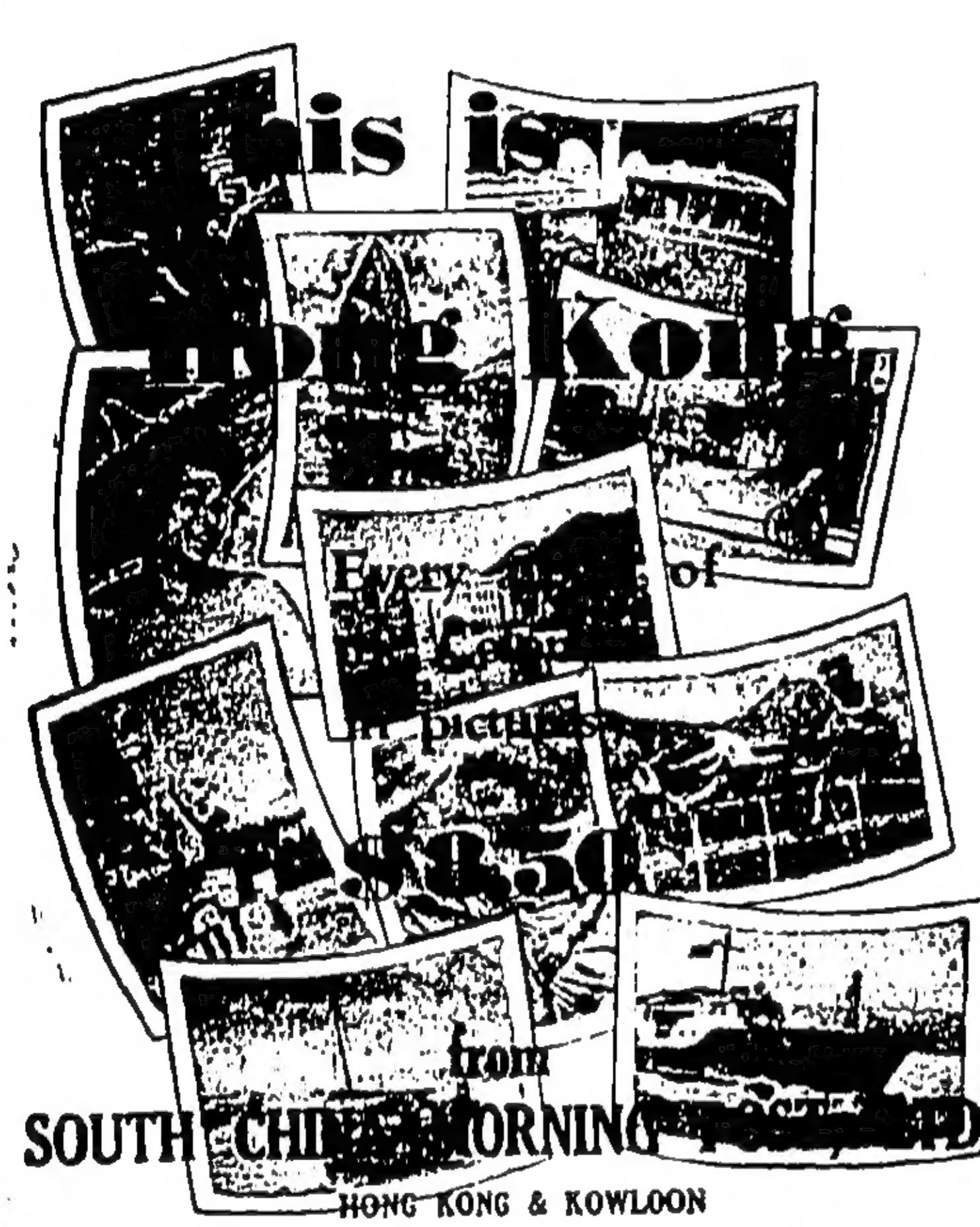
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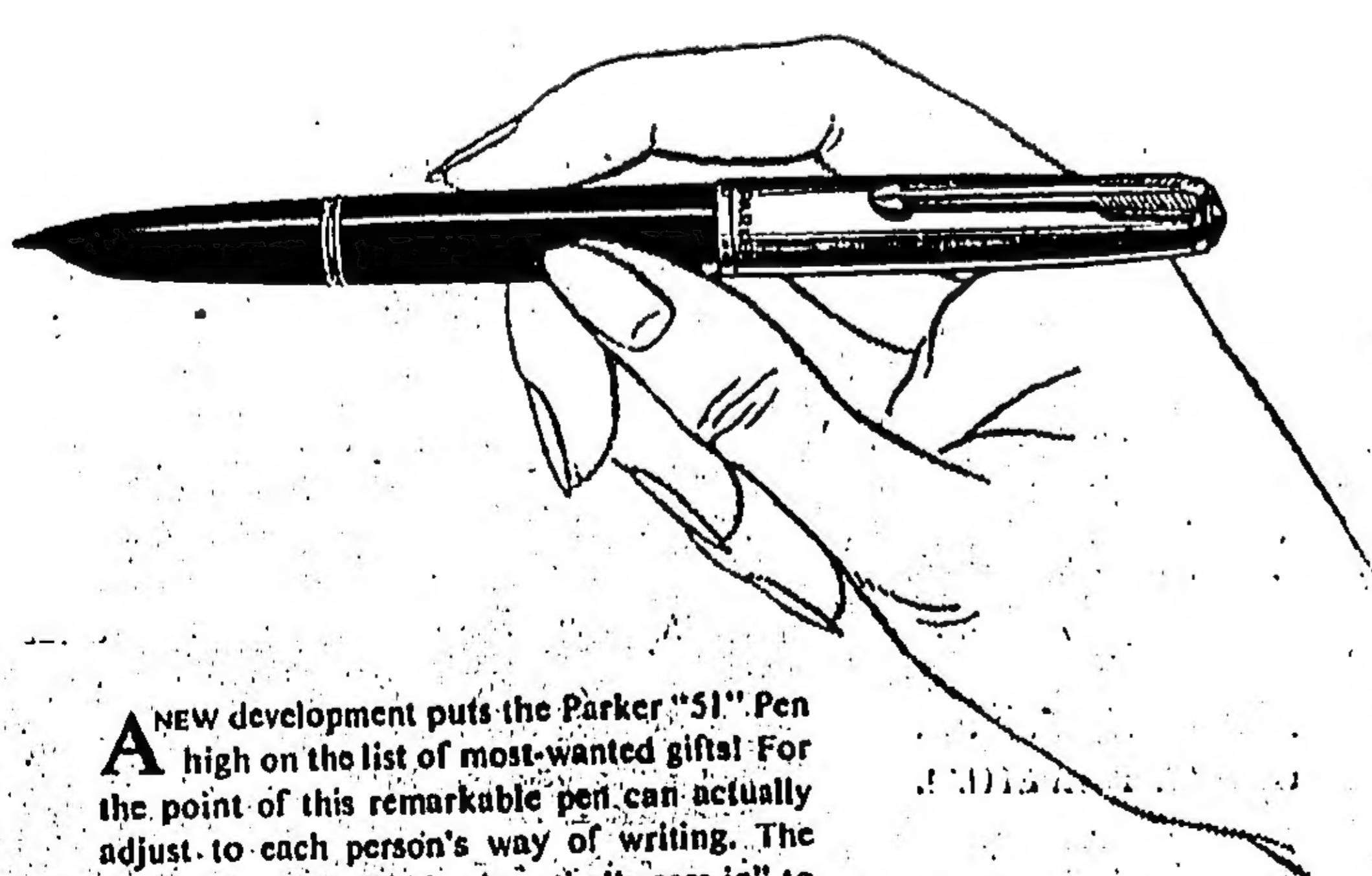
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THIS Parker "51" Pen

MAKES THE BEST GIFT YET!



A NEW development puts the Parker "51" Pen high on the list of most-wanted gifts! For the point of this remarkable pen can actually adjust to each person's way of writing. The tiny, all-precious Platinum tip "wears in" to the writing style of the person to whom you give this pen, and stays that way for decades! The result is an ease of writing found in no other pen—making it a most welcome gift. So give a beautiful Parker "51" Pen. Choice of nib grades.

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GROUNDED!

So a jobless Bader leaves the RAF

NOW WALKING normally on two metal legs and intent on getting back to his full flying status in the RAF, Douglas Bader is sent to the Central Flying School at Wittering for a report on his ability. Meanwhile he is not permitted to fly solo. At week-ends he drives to London and goes dancing with Thelma Edwards, the girl he met at the Pantiles, where she was working as a waitress at the time he was learning to walk again.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR --

B ACK at Wittering Bader was doing aerobatics again in a Bulldog as well as ever he had, though still irked by the compulsory presence of the instructor in the back cockpit.

Once or twice he assuaged this affront to his dignity by brashly criticising the instructor's own aerobatics and giving him a few tips.

Bader's flying was so invariably immaculate that resumption of full flying duties seemed "in the bag." On the strength of that he traded in his M.G. for a later model that week, though it took the last penny out of his bank account.

Quick reply

THE Chief Flying Instructor sent for Bader and said: "Look, you're wasting your time up here. There's nothing more we can teach you about flying and there's no point in your mucking about not able to go solo."

"That's what I was sent here to find out, sir," Bader said. "Once I'm passed by you the medical board can decide on my flying category."

"All right," said the CFI. "Tell me and tell 'em."

The answer came back surprisingly quickly—a call for Bader to appear for another medical. He drove to London savouring the moment that evening when he would see Thelma and tell her he was going back to a squadron.

In the Kingsway building the round warrant officer receptionist who had seen so many accident cases come up for medical check, welcomed him. "Hello, sir. Back again. Just a moment, sir and I'll get your file."

He was back with it shortly, saying: "You don't have to see the doctor after all, sir. Only the wing commander."

Good, Bader thought. Only a formally. He went into the

wing commander's office and the man with the detached professional air behind the desk said: "Ah, Bader, nice to see you again. Sit down, will you?"

He sat, waiting equably for the good news. The wing commander cleared his throat and glanced at some papers on his desk. Clearing his throat again he said: "I've just been reading what the Central Flying School says about you. They say you can fly pretty well."

Bader waited politely. "Unfortunately," the wing commander went on, "we can't pass you fit for flying because there's nothing in King's Regulations which covers your case."

For a moment it didn't sink in and then the cold feeling slowly spread through him. He sat in stunned silence for a few more moments and then found his voice: "But of course there's nothing in King's Regulations, sir. That's why I was sent to CFS. To see if I could

do. They were the only ones who could give a ruling. I mean doesn't that fit the case?"

The wing commander cleared his throat again. "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry. Indeed, but I'm afraid not. We've thought about it a lot and I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about it."

The job was simple enough; not much more than sitting in a little office all day drinking tea, signing chits and giving orders about lorries. He knew several of the squadron pilots and he thought it would not be difficult to talk them into giving him some flying.

They were discussing it in the mess one night when Cox said, "Look, come out and watch Douglas do a tarmac landing tomorrow. (Tarmac landings consisted of coming in so slowly and with such fine judgment that the aircraft touched down on the short tarmac apron and stopped before running on to

the grass. They were not officially approved of and therefore popular.)

Next morning at eleven o'clock the pilots watching by the hangar saw the aircraft come down with Cox's arms ostentatiously held high to demonstrate that Bader was doing the flying.

Officially he was still classed as "General Duties," the flying branch, and stubbornly he felt there might still be a chance of getting an airborne job—how he didn't know. They asked if he would like to be reclassified "Administrative" or "Equipment," and he said no. Vaguely unhappy, he soon knew that he could never stay in the RAF doing a ground job because his unhappiness came from watching others flying.

At the critical moment as the Atlas touched neatly on the tarmac, the wing commander walked round the side of the hangar, saw the performance and guessed grimly from the instructor's upheld arms that he was demonstrating a pupil to do a tarmac landing.

Crin faded

HE became friend-

ly with Joe Cox, one of the instructors training the Cambridge undergraduates, and one December day

when the wing commander was when the wing commander was

an Armstrong Whitworth Atlas, an Army co-operation biplane,

Cox let his passenger do most of

the flying and was impressed.

Several times after that when the coast was clear they went up

together, and after Cox's reports

the other pilots were indignant

that bureaucracy limited Bader

to flying on the sky.

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mess one night when Cox said,

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demonstrate that Bader was doing the flying.

Towards the end of April he

was sent for by Squadron Leader

Sanderson, CO of 19 Squadron

and acting station commander

in the senior man's absence.

Sanderson had been adjutant

at Kenley before Bader lost his

legs, and when the young man

walked into his office and

saluted, the good-natured Sanderson said: "Douglas, this is the

worst thing I've ever had to do

in the Air Force. I've just

received a letter from Air Minis-

try... here, you'd better read it

yourself." He passed it and read:

Subject: Flying Officer D. R. S. Bader.

(1) The Air Council regrets

that in consequence of the results

of this officer's final medical

board he can no longer be em-

ployed in the General Duties

Branch of the Royal Air Force.

(2) It is suggested therefore

that this officer revert to the

retired list on the grounds of ill

health.

(3) A further communication

will be sent in respect of the

date of his retirement and details

concerning his retired pay and

disability pension.

Sanderson said: "I'm terribly

sorry, Douglas."

"That's all right, sir," he said,

and after a while he saluted and

stamped out. There did not

seem anything else to say. In a

way he had been expecting it but

it was still a shock and left him

with an odd numb feeling.

The wing commander said

grimly: "Well, Cox, if you didn't

know before, you know now.

Bader is not to fly again."

The wing commander turned to Cox. "Don't you like to fly, Cox?"

Bader cut in. "No, sir," he said. "I liked flying. Officer Cox had no idea. I should have told him, I know."

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grimly: "Well, Cox, if you didn't

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CONCLUDING EX-KING PETER'S STORY

Just after the invasion of Normandy in June 1944, King Peter and Dr Subasic, his premier, flew to Malta in Mr Churchill's York air liner to arrange a meeting with Tito. Subasic went on without the King. Subasic returned on June 20 and reported to King Peter that Tito was willing to co-operate with the London Government, and to send a representative from his National Liberation Movement.

I NOTICED a change in Subasic and was conscious that Tito had some hold over him. It has since been recalled that as Ban of Croatia it was his duty to release all political prisoners just before the Germans took over. He failed to do so and the Communists among the prisoners were shot by the Germans. I visited Rome where Pope Pius XII warned me to take care in dealing with the Communists in my own country.

We returned to London which was being bombed by "doodle bugs."

In mid-August Subasic met Tito in Vis, and returned with him to Italy, where they were joined by Churchill. The three went on to Rome together. I had had no warning that Churchill was to join in with them. Churchill told me he had found Tito agreeable and very polite, if with an undercurrent of arrogance.

I could no longer ignore the fact that my continued support of Mihailovitch exclusively would be a romantic folly, and would lead to civil war. I agreed to broadcast to Yugoslavia.

All I could do was to tone down the presentation of Tito as a lone hero, and say not a word against Mihailovitch.

An agreement signed on November 1 by Tito and Subasic stated:

In order to avoid any possible tension of relations in the country we agreed that King Peter II, shall not return to the country until the people have pronounced their decision in this respect, and that in his absence the Royal power should be wielded by a Regency council.

Later Subasic signed an agreement with Tito which stated:

H.M. King Peter II, can dispose of his estates and property in absentia...

Regular intercourse between H.M. the King and the Regency Council will be established and guaranteed."

On New Year's Day I sent the following rather pathetic letter to Uncle Berle:

"I am sending you a copy of a letter I wrote to Mr Churchill. Please help me to make him understand my point of view. I cannot act against my oath to the Constitution."

"I know this is right and wise and will avoid a lot of trouble in the future, and will safeguard my people from untold miseries. I feel very hurt at the moment as it does not look as if I am given a fair chance."

"I did not bargain in the dark days of 1940 when I came in on this side unhesitatingly."

ON January 9, 1945, Churchill accused me of complicating the war effort with my insistence on the Constitution. Indeed this was a bad time for the British. The Rundstedt offensive on the Western Front was particular cause for concern.

On January 15 I wrote to

"I would be extremely grateful if no mention was made in Parliament on Yugoslavia at present. This would enable my efforts to have effect. But if any question should arise, please do not run me down in Parliament."

Mr Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on January 18 was a great shock to me.

"It is," he said, "a matter of days within which an agreement must be reached upon this matter, and, if we are so unfortunate as not to obtain the consent of King Peter, the

matter will have to go ahead, his assent being assumed....

"We have no special interest in the political regime which prevails in Yugoslavia. Few people in Britain, I imagine, are going to be more cheerful or more downcast because of the future constitution of Yugoslavia."

On January 20 I wrote to Mr Churchill:

"As you know, I never authorised Dr Subasic to make a definite agreement in my name, and I do not know how it can be presumed that he, as Prime Minister of the Royal Yugoslav Government, without my consent, could do anything binding upon me."

"I cannot agree that my consent could be presumed. It would be very painful to me to find that I would have to be obliged to protest against this."

"I could not admit such a presumption on the part of the Royal Yugoslav Government seeing that it came into power constitutionally because it enraged my confidence."

"I would also like to point out to you that all the other members of my Government have also confirmed to me in audience that they also were kept in the dark during the negotiations of Dr Subasic prior to this draft agreement."

King Peter had wired Tito suggesting that they meet. Tito replied, through Subasic, asked the King for his prompt acceptance of the Tito-Subasic agreement and asked that the Government come at once to Yugoslavia. King Peter dismissed his Government.

YUGOSLAVIA was very much on the agenda at the Yalta Conference in February.

The Russians were advancing rapidly. Roosevelt was anxious that Russia should enter the war against Japan and very most eager to placate Stalin.

King Peter had wired Tito suggesting that they meet.

At 10 pm the Commission signed the statement.

An hour later the Rev. Franklin Otsokolofit, whom I had met at the Detroit Ravenna Church, and who had come over specially to be present at my son's birth, blessed the child and gave him a temporary name "Peter".

This "name-giving" is an old Serbian custom in case of the death of the child before the real christening.

After reading a speech in giving contradiction to the Agreement in Yugoslavia by Tito on August 7, I handed on August 8 my declaration to British, U.S.A., and U.S.S.R. Ambassadors to the effect that, in agreement with the old Yugoslav politicians in London, I declared myself self-acting King again. The situation had been farcical.

In a message to the Regents, I stated:

"It is clear to me that the Regency has been unable to fulfil the constitutional role for which I appointed it. I have, therefore, decided to abolish the Regency. I thank you for your effort in doing what I know was your best in the fulfilment of your difficult duties."

On hearing the decisions of the Big Three that the Tito-Subasic agreement must go through with all speed, I realised that I must trust my fate to their guarantee.

On March 9 I chose as Regents: Dr Srdjan Budisavljevic, the Serbian member; Dr Ante Mandic, the Croat member; and Ing. Dushan Serne, the Slovene member.

WHEN the Russians entered Yugoslavia they proceeded to disarm and imprison Chetnik forces. During 1945 and the early months of 1946, Mihailovitch was hunted as a traitor and collaborator.

He was at last taken, "tried" by Communists and put to death in the summer of 1946, when I did all I could in my fight for his release.

The trial was a pathetic copy of what we have come to expect from Communist trials. The old dishevelled man with his grey beard sadly confessed that he was a criminal, a murderer, a collaborator, everything that they told him to say.

Mihailovitch's death is now widely recognised as one of the last and most disgraceful of the crimes in World War II.

The years after the war are memorable because of the meetings I had with the sadly diminishing royal family of Europe.

This royal family, now reduced to six crowned heads, seven including myself, was once a glittering cavalcade of royalty; so impressive indeed that Queen Victoria made an edict that in future British coronations should not be attended by crowded heads.

THAT was why I was not at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Along with an enthusiastic Paris "saw" that magnificence, "A Queen is Crowned," it thrilled me. France, I believe, was most struck by it. Spain shrugged shoulders and said: "So!"

That is interesting because Spain is a country which is a monarchy without a monarch. I believe that General Franco would like to be Regent, with the son of Don Juan on the throne. That is my own opinion. But it may be another's.

You have been representing me for already a quarter of a year. Although this period in the life of our country is full of important events, no major

WINSTON CHURCHILL GIVES ME A SHOCK

I saw General Franco in 1950 at the summer residence of the former king, just outside Madrid. It is a big, rambling Spanish white house surrounded now by barracks. At its gates are Franco's Moorish guards, men in resplendent uniforms.

I attempted to take a photograph of them, but one of my two plain-clothes guards tore the camera out of my hand and said: "No, you must not do that; they would kill you. They would think you were putting the evil eye on them."

At length they agreed to give me a transit visa (I was going to Switzerland), and my wife, of course, could have her visa for France.

Franco himself I saw in his austere but beautifully furnished office. It is a large, slightly sombre room with never a paper out of place on the desk of Spanish oak.

Franco is a small man but he has a big personality. I never saw him smile once throughout our talk but I could not forget his eyes, bright, piercing, looking out of a quiet rather than sad mask of a face. He looked like a professional poker player, although more distinguished. He was immaculately dressed in dark clothes with a pearl grey tie.

We spoke through an interpreter, Franco's Chief of Protocol, the Comte de las Torre, who speaks beautifully in English, French, German, Russian, and almost every other tongue but Chinese, so he told me. At first we spoke in French but later found that English was more mutually agreeable.

WE stayed two months in St Moritz and then went back to Paris to the Ritz Hotel. I managed to get a two-month visa after a lot of difficulty.

I slipped over to London to attend to my affairs, and when I got back to Paris I was told: "We cannot have you here any longer. Your life is in danger. We have been advised that there are plots against your life... why not go to Monaco?"

It was quite useless telling them that it was quite easy for my enemies to get into Monaco. So we spent Christmas at Monte Carlo. It was bitterly cold, but without snow, which I love. We spent the rest of the winter in St. Moritz with my wife's mother.

I got permission to change my envoy, and my funds were released.

I was kept very busy helping to get Yugoslav prisoners of war, escapees, and others, resettled in countries where they could find a way of livelihood and get them out of displaced persons camps which were all over Europe.

Just before the declaration of the Republic and my denunciation of the Regency, I went to visit the Council of Liberated Prisoners of War who had refused to go back to Yugoslavia.

I visited Osnabrück in the British Zone of Germany, where there were about 30,000, and another camp where there were mostly officers and a good proportion of generals. They did not like a Communist regime and were still loyal to the monarchy.

These men also dreamed that the Allies would soon arm them and equip them to fight Tito.

I still used to get in a certain amount of flying, usually from Fairbairn aerodrome near Woking in my Cessna Crane, which had been given to me by President Roosevelt.

I made quite a number of trips with my instructor, Gerald Payne, a squadron leader in the R.A.F., to Norwich, to the Lake District, the Isle of Man. Once or twice my wife came with me, but she does not like flying; it makes her ill.

BOUT a month before my son was born my wife became concerned that the birth was overdue. Someone told her that a trip in an aircraft would accelerate the birth. So I took her up in the Cessna Crane. We slipped about a bit at 10,000 feet (the prescribed altitude) and I did a few show-off tricks.

But nothing happened. The boy was born a month later as the doctors and I felt it would be.

Just about the time of the Mihailovitch trial we had to give up our house in Upper Grosvenor Square because the owner wanted to convert it into flats. So we moved to Claridges and we started looking round for an apartment.

I remember looking at a flat in Grosvenor Square, quite a small furnished flat. It was just the right size for a family of three, a nurse and a servant. We were asked 40 guineas a week.

It did come down in price later, but I understand it has rocketed up to 45 guineas again. After dashing round flat-hunting,

grammes, that I had become a car salesman.

You can imagine the relish of the headline sub-editors "Broke King to Sell Motor Cars . . . King Sells Breakfast Food on Radio . . . etc."

But it wasn't true. A Parisian journalist named Sandy recommended me to a public relations counsellor, Mr Roy de Groot, of Fifth Avenue, New York, to look after my publicity and to arrange a series of lecture tours.

Mr de Groot agreed and was negotiating lecture tours with universities and agencies.

I hoped that the lecture tours would pay for my visit to America which was mainly concerned with the welfare of emigres who were settling down there.

Then Mr de Groot wanted me to sponsor things like ice cream and Cadillacs cars on radio and television. I thought that was going too far, and said so.

Mr de Groot told me that in his business it was usual to pay a fee of \$10,000.

IHADN'T got \$10,000, and if I had I would not have invested it in this sort of business. Which made Mr de Groot annoyed.

He said: "You can make 10,000 dollars in ten days. All you do is escort a Senator through Tennessee and present him at his meetings."

I turned this down flat, pointing out that apart from any other good reason, it would mean my mixing in politics.

However, I did make one unpaid appearance, with my wife, on television. I was interviewed by a Mary Margaret McBride, who presents a breakfast programme. It was highly amusing. I have still got a record of the programme.

I never was a car salesman, but there was a suggestion that I should get in touch with the makers of a new type of sports model. I did not.

It might have been interesting because I love cars and I am mechanically minded. As a young and enthusiastic man I wanted to do something to earn my living and not just remain a useless politician.

But I returned to Paris to carry on the task of holding together the thousands of Yugoslav people who have voluntarily gone into exile rather than tolerate a regime which they dislike. Like them, I am a wanderer without a country. Like them I cherish a hope that one day I shall return.

MY last meeting with Farouk made his face turn red. During the war I was presented with two mobile radio transmitters by President Roosevelt in Cairo. I asked Farouk if he would store them in his huge garage at the palace in Cairo.

Not long ago I was offered \$80,000 for them by an American. I was anxious to let these assets into dollars to help Yugoslavia funds abroad. They could not be found. Farouk denied liability. General Naguib discovered that Farouk had offered the transmitters to the Egyptian Army during the war with Israel. By now they were much used, worn and deviated. I am still trying to get compensation from Egypt.

Just after Christmas, Farouk and I met at a party in Paris given by the Hohenlohe. When I was announced there was a slight embarrassment, and Farouk announced another engagement.

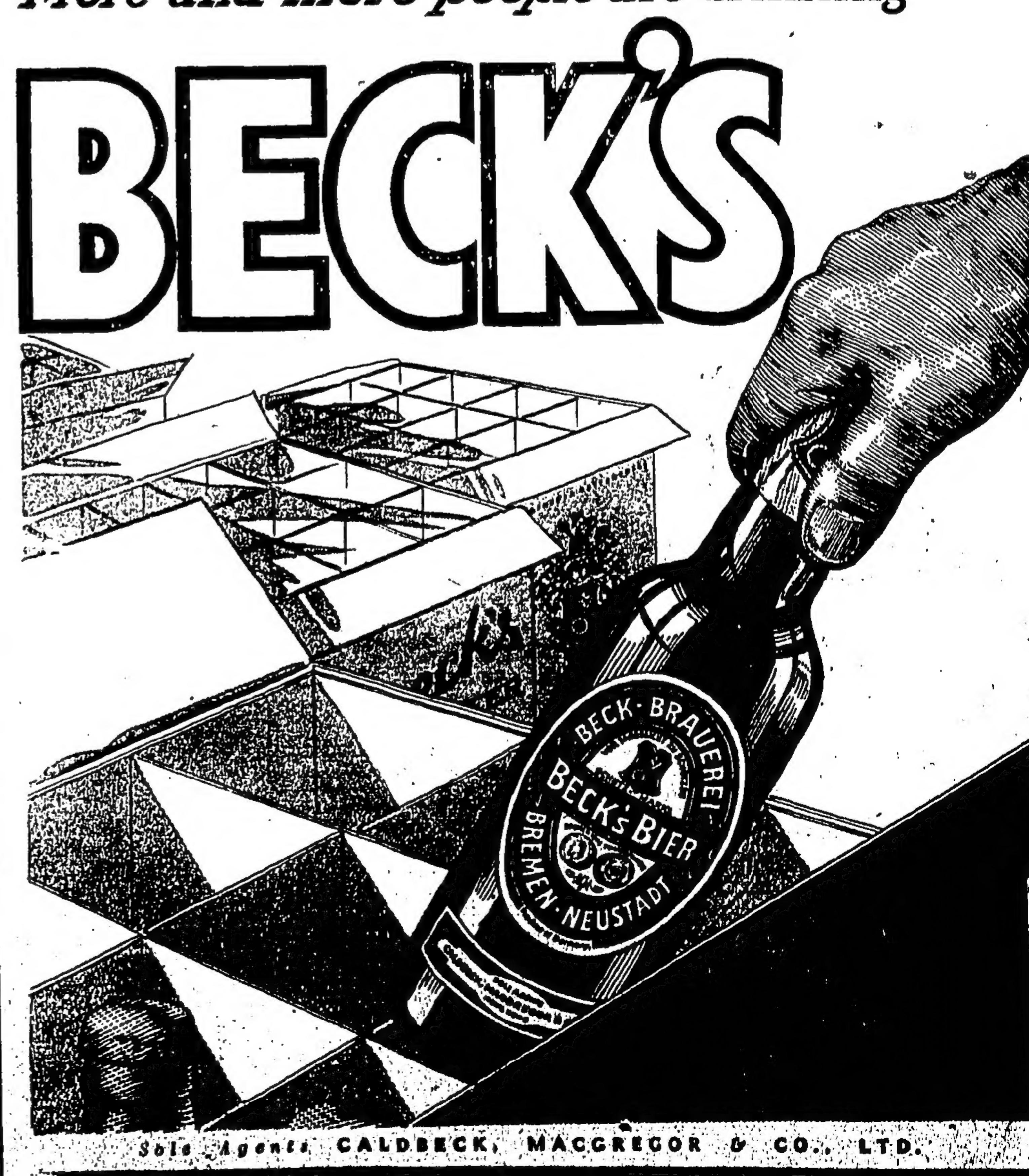
But it passed over. I did not mention my radios. Farouk lost his flush. He stayed.

Today my home is in Spain. At the moment of writing this I am looking for another home, a flat in Madrid. There I am a member of the Royal Aero Club, where I get in some occasional flying. It is my principal recreation.

When I am flying I can forget that I am a king. I can even forget to dream.

The End

More and more people are drinking



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The Big Medical Claims Of Our Time

IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME STORY IN MEDICINE—Claim and counter-claim. First, the big build-up—then the second thoughts. Nearly all the "wonder drugs" of the modern generation have been through this process of claim and subsequent challenge. Common names which began as laboratory labels and have now become almost as familiar as those on the bottles in the average medicine chest. The antibiotic group, for example,

By A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

A MERICAN ex-President Harry Truman has left hospital after his recent brush with death.

And where he lay gravely ill in Kansas City Research Hospital the Duke of Edinburgh was making a presentation to Sir Alexander Fleming to mark the 25th anniversary of the publication of his first paper on penicillin.

These two events are linked. For Harry Truman nearly died because he was given penicillin and two other antibiotics.

This was to make a simple surgical operation simpler and safer. But in his case the drugs had the opposite effect. The infections were spread and Mr. Truman improved.

The case is not another where doctors have thought again on wonder drugs.

Consider penicillin, most famous of them all. In 1941, when it was first released, it was touted as a cure-all—a life-cure-all. The magic brown powder was used to treat almost everything from sore throats to pneumonia.

Then failures

At first, it worked wonders. Then, surprisingly, there were failures. Worse still, there were cases where people died after a record injection.

Penicillin was challenged. Doctors probed the mystery and found the answers.

Even small doses of penicillin, taken for minor ills, they discovered could sometimes build up resistance to the drug.

The deaths, they decided, were caused by a form of shock due to penicillin being given to people who like Harry Truman, reacted violently to it.

The doctors became cautious. In Britain a law was passed to control the drug. And penicillin was established as the most successful of the antibiotics.

It was the sulpha drugs that first made doctors think again. In 1935 the Germans found that a well-known red dye, Prontosil, could check germs even in the body itself.

British scientists made and tested hundreds of compounds of the original drug. Sir Winston Churchill was cured of pneumonia by one of them in 1943.

Doctors prescribed them as freely as aspirin, and sulpha treatment of wounds saved the lives of thousands of servicemen during the war.

But then doctors discovered that, like penicillin, sulpha drugs could kill. For the drugs can cause the rare and terrible disease—agranulocytosis—which wipes out the body's white blood cells.

Frequent blood checks, now routine in prolonged treatment with sulpha drugs, guard against this danger.

Three new drugs

A few years after the Second World War three new American drugs astounded the medical world. In each case their discoverers claimed: "Better than penicillin."

In some respects they were. Take chloramphenicol. It could do what penicillin could not—kill typhus and typhoid microbes.

But it also sometimes killed the blood's red cells.

The doctors had a second thought. An inquiry was held in America. And the instruction went out: "Use this drug with the greatest caution, and make frequent blood checks."

Then there were streptomycin and terramycin. They were as effective in destroying germs in the infections that they gave fresh hope for the slopes of intensity.

MY KIND OF JAZZ

THE MAESTRO OF MODERN MUSIC BLOWS IN WITH A HOT THEME

IT'S FUN—if you care to take it seriously

by HUMPHREY LYTTELTON



Humphrey Lyttelton, maestro of modern music, tells what JAZZ is and what it means to him. Lyttelton, 33 years old, 6ft. 4ins., is leader of Britain's foremost "traditional" jazz band, and runs London's biggest jazz club (the Humphrey Lyttelton Club). He's an Old Etonian, an ex-Guards officer and an author. Of his autobiography, "I Play as I Please," published last month, Nancy Spain wrote: "He has sailed through life as though it were a Trumpet I吹 in fancy."

THE idea of getting enjoyment or recreation out of making music is not a new one—it's almost as old as Man himself. But nowadays it's out of fashion.

In this mad modern world music is the preserve of "professional musicians" who take it up as others take up banking or the boot and shoe trade.

If our pipes burst we send for a plumber to fix them. If we feel the urge to dance we call for a modeller to provide the music. Thanks to the radio and the gramophone music is now on tap like water and electricity. It's all very tidy and very depressing.

Making music for yourself is fun, as anyone knows who has tried it seriously (and you have to be serious with your fun). But people who live in towns and cities today are handicapped by not having any music to play.

Music, where it ever existed, is gone beyond recall. Tan Pan Alley off-the-peg dance music offers little inducement to the amateur. And "serious" music is much too technical and intellectual. Can you see yourself letting off musical steam by grabbing a violin and rattling off a bit of Borodin or Hindemith?

The start

THIS leads me right up to my favourite hobby horse, which is the theory that jazz is the amateur music of today. It began as a local folk music.

ANY self-styled "music-lover" who is convinced that jazz is a kind of sinister Fifth Column bent on overthrowing good music, I once played record by music master at Elton College. He listened with a set face. And at the end he said with the utmost conviction, "It was a terrible day for music when that stuff was allowed into the country."

Absurd?

SOME people, even within the jazz fraternity, regard it as absurd that bank clerks and shop assistants in Wimbledon and Bournemouth should be playing the music of the Negro section of New Orleans. And so it is, on the face of it.

But the fact is that they do play it, not for fame or fortune or even bread and butter, but because they like it.

In its simplest form, jazz provides a music which is within the reach of the keen amateur, and which gives him some scope for individual expression. I believe that is the chief reason for its present popularity. As Richard Murdoch would say, it fulfills a long-felt want.

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NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

THE PIERCERS

By Ivan T. Sanderson
Explorer, Naturalist, Author

THE man was stripped to the waist, and his sarong was knotted high about his thighs, for the tropical sun blazed from a cloudless sky. In his left hand he held a light crooked stick with which to hook down the great palm fronds, and with his right he wielded a long, razor-sharp machete. His job was to clear the gully of its tangled vegetation to make way for the planting of young rubber trees. Others worked to right and left of him, hidden by the foliage.

Suddenly, the man let out a wild shout of warning, then he dropped his tools and ran. The man to his left ran, also, but a boy on the right was caught in the angle. As a result, he died in a deep coma three hours later. His body was swollen to almost twice its normal size.

What had happened was that the man who gave the warning had split open a papery grey ball about the size of a football that was hanging beneath a curved palm frond just about level with his head. Immediately a high-pitched buzzing filled the air and the man took off, knowing what this meant. He had split open a nest of giant black forest hornets.

In such an emergency, the huge insects take only a few moments to orientate themselves and organise the attack, then the whole swarm takes off in a long, streaming flight straight at the nearest living thing and, at a good forty miles an hour, dive-bomb it. Coming singly or in groups, they land for only a second, drive their stings home, and then zoom off again.

They counted one hundred and thirty-six stings on the boy who was caught. Most were on the back of his neck, the most vulnerable spot of his body.

But this is not all, for insects can poison you in still other ways. Most unexpected of all are those beautiful creatures—the butterflies and moths. First, there are several kinds of moths that in their early stages of development are furry caterpillars. Several of these have to be handled with the utmost caution because the soft hair from their back can penetrate the pores of your skin and set up a terrible irritation.

Secondly, there are many butterflies and moths that have very strong tubular mouths which they roll up under their heads, but which can be unrolled—in one case to a length of ten inches—and used as hypodermics, to pierce the barks of plants.

It has been reported that one of these, living in Venezuela, may, if it alights upon you, roll up its hypodermic and pierce your skin by mistake, and give you a most awful sting. If this is true—and it has not been fully confirmed—it will undoubtedly be the most unexpected of Nature's poison punches.

By Frank Robbins

The Chapman Pincher Column:

SMOKING CAN PROTECT YOU, SAY THESE DOCTORS

A SERIOUS weakness in the statisticians' argument that smoking causes lung cancer has been detected independently by two doctors.

After re-examining the statistics they have found that the figures "prove" just as strongly that smoking protects the body from all other kinds of cancer.

So a man's chances of dying from cancer of one kind or another are the same whether he smokes or not.

In a Medical Research Council's inquiry into the deaths of 789 doctors, Professor Bradford Hill and Dr Richard Doll, who are medical statisticians, found that 36 who contracted lung cancer were regular smokers.

"Non-smoking is associated with a greater mortality from all cancers than moderate smoking," he writes in the British Medical Journal.

"It would be a tragedy if, as a result of the fine work that

has gone into this problem, harmful even to people with duodenal or stomach ulcers.

3 TEA'S TANNIN, which was once believed to harden the stomach lining, is really harmless because its action is neutralised by another substance in tea—the stimulant caffeine.

Five doctors, led by Dr Wilmer Wirts, made the tests on 118 people, including patients with digestive upsets, at a Philadelphia hospital.

The caffeine takes several minutes to produce its anti-diarrhoeal effect. But psychological tests show that a "cuppa" unaccountably gives some degree of "lift" from the first sip.

1 TEA TONES UP the stomach muscles which tend to get "tired" when overloaded with a large meal. Any heavy meal, especially one containing much starch, leaves the stomach sooner when it is followed by a cup of tea.

2 TEA MAKES the stomach no more acid than a cup of hot water does, so it cannot be

disbelieved by colleagues by showing a colour-film of himself in action at a Paris conference of tea-fanciers.

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



You're On— The Ball For Beauty

By Joseph Edmundson

HOW attractive a girl can look with golden tan and newest fashion swimsuit, as she runs down the beach and into the sea. Could she be YOU? But look at her later, coming out of the sea! Blue-limbed, goose-pimpled — just a forlorn girl with the shivers.

Could that be YOU?

Face it... It could. But it need not be, if you join Miss Zipp in these exercises designed to restore washed-out glamour. All you need is a beach ball... and here's how you begin.

Drop down into the crouch position, holding the ball with both hands (fig. 1). Throw the

ball up behind you as high as possible, and before it drops to the ground turn round and catch it (fig. 2). This is good for legs and tummy.

Next bend with legs astride and roll the ball as far forwards as you can, then roll it underneath your legs as far backwards as you can reach. Do this seven or eight times.

The circle

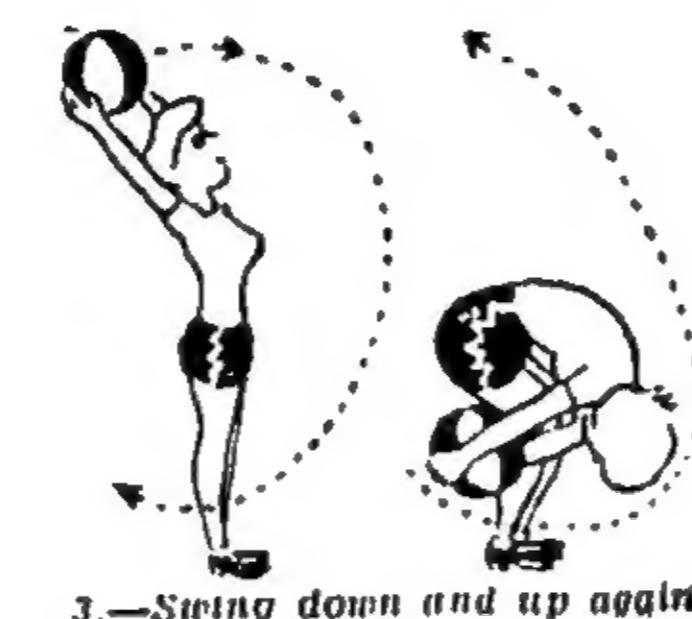
Now, without changing your position, roll the ball on the ground round and round your body in as wide a circle as possible.

Then, keeping your feet still, roll it as far round to the left as you can reach. When you cannot go any further, swing your body round to the right and carry on rolling from where you left off.

Here is an exercise to help loosen up the shoulders (fig. 3).

Stand with feet together and hold the ball above your head at arms' length. Drop your arms

and at the same time let your trunk flop down and slightly bend your knees so that the ball



3.—Swing down and up again.

Your Holiday Doctor

You'll feel fit after a dip, Mr. FLOP

SWIMMING is the ideal holiday exercise for Mr. FLOP, the man who keeps fit the take-it-easy way. It can be ideal for YOU too... if you obey some common-sense Do's and Don'ts.

DO get warm—but not too warm—BEFORE you go into the water. Cold water on a cold body doubles the risk of chill.

DO come out at the first signs of chilling—while knuckles, goose-pimples, the shivers. Half an hour in the water is enough for most men; a shade longer for women.

DO get warm IMMEDIATELY after a swim—with hot drinks and beach games.

DON'T go into the water within an hour of a heavy

meal. Most drowning fatalities occur NOT through cramp, but through fainting, caused by the digestive system taking blood from the head.

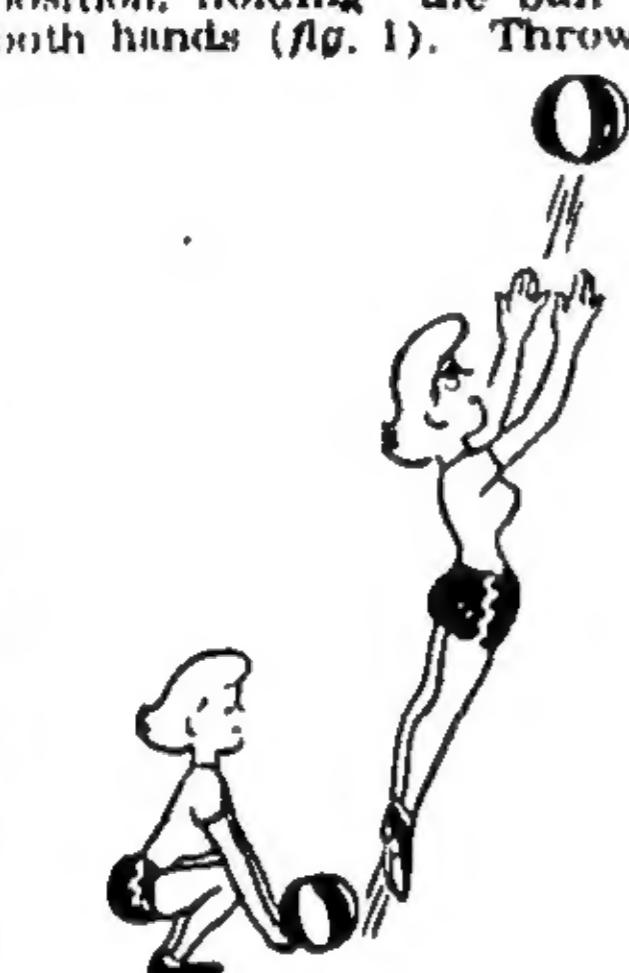
DON'T overdo your sunbathing afterwards. Dry salt on the skin increases risk of burning.

DON'T stay in a wet swimsuit or trust to the sun to dry you. Rub down vigorously to restore circulation.

DON'T trust a child's judgment of how cold he is in the water. Children may be poor judges of chilling and may want to stay in long after it is wise.

Dr ARTHUR CHESBY

O



1.—Throw, leap, and catch.

ball high in the air and immediately leap up with your body straight to catch it and drop straight to the crouch position again. Do this half a dozen times.

Now stand and hold the ball between your feet. Jump up and



2.—Jump and catch the ball.

SHE has the right idea, this ZIP girl with the beach ball. She's out to be FIT and she knows she can do that best the FUN way. Why don't YOU try it too?

FASHION NOTE: It's an after-swim beach-suit, just the thing for those fitness exercises.

Kids Can Make These Cookies

CHOOSING an easy cookie recipe and let the children help bake their own nourishing between-meal snack. This one, for crunchy oatmeal-date drops, is easy for the child to mix. If an adult helps measure the ingredients.

1/2 cup butter or margarine; 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 egg; 1 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour; 1/4 teaspoon soda; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/4 cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup chopped dates; 1 cup rolled oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked); and pecan halves.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream well. Beat in egg. Sift flour, soda and salt and add to creamed mixture. Add milk and vanilla. Blend in dates and rolled oats. Drop by teaspoons on ungreased cookie sheets, and place a pecan half in the centre of each spoonful of dough. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 12 to 15 minutes.



1.—Throw, leap, and catch.

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Now stand and hold the ball between your feet. Jump up and



2.—Jump and catch the ball.

SOMETHING WITH A BIT OF KICK IN IT

By Anne Scott-James

SHE was well-dressed and thirty-five-ish, and I met her in a train. She was looking through a magazine.

"Listen," she said, "all this depresses me. In three weeks I go on holiday with my husband; we are going over to France for the first time since the war."

"I want to look really something. I've saved some money for a few new clothes. But it seems that unless I buy a fancy-dress wardrobe I haven't a hope."

"Must I wear pirate pants?"

"Shall I be a fish out of water without a middy suit?"

"Shall I be the only person if we get down south without a bulldogger jacket?"

"Can I pull off the Long-legged Look when my legs are only average?"

"Is it more satisfactory to dress as if I came from Mexico or Texas? Or is the Roman Look newer? Or how about Capri?"

"Will Little Girl clothes or Little Boy clothes bring out the best in me?"

"The look is a good

choice: a large rough straw sombrero, but any big shape will do.

LONG SWEATER SHORT SHORTS

There are two good ways with shorts. You can have them very brief indeed, with a wasp of a gulliver (long in the body and horizontally striped) worn outside your shorts.

NEW SCHOOLBOY SHORTS

These are newer, a bit of a shock at first, and harder to wear. But they are on the way in.

Their length is just above the knee, and they're called Bermuda shorts because in Bermuda the very brief sort aren't permitted. This summer they have spread all over America; they are turning up on the Continent, they are trudging into this conservative island too.

THE COVER-UP TOP A "MUST"

The muffed-up wrap—probably an overblouse or towelling or jersey—has a place in your suitcase.

(a) If you're going to the seaside or country.

(b) If you're sailing.

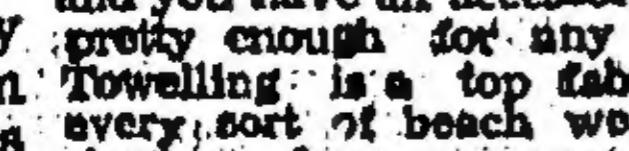
(c) And the first few days of any holiday, if you haven't had a change of clothes before hand, and you have to go around in a wrap-around skirt, for a play-suit, even for a whole sun-dress.

STRIPED WITH A BANG

These are cut like play-suits, but in a sea-going material, for example seersucker, or nylon taffeta.



1.—Throw, leap, and catch.

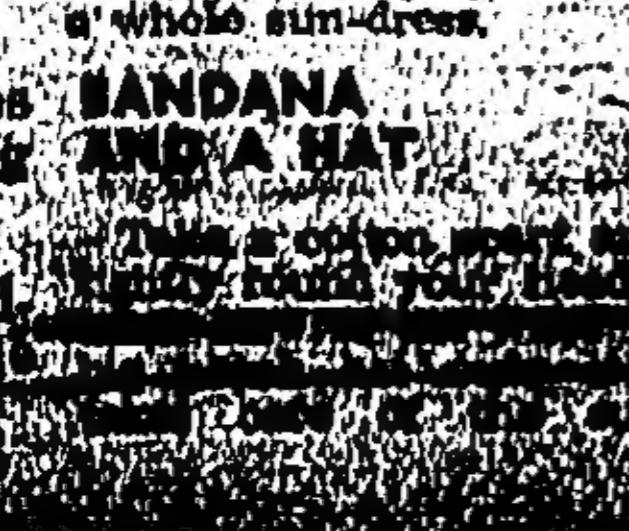


2.—Jump and catch the ball.

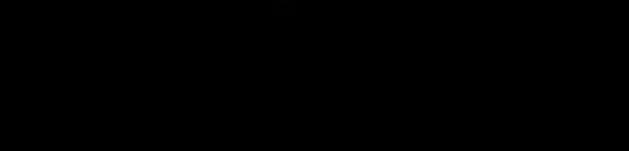
BEACH SCARF WITH POCKETS

You need two yards of towelling, and one hour to make it, and you have an accessory that's pretty enough for any beach.

Towelling is a top fabric for every sort of beach wear, for shorts, for a wrap-around skirt, for a play-suit, even for a whole sun-dress.



1.—Throw, leap, and catch.



2.—Jump and catch the ball.

It's a good idea to have a pocket or two on the scarf, so that you can keep your money and other necessities close at hand.

These are cut like play-suits, but in a sea-going material, for example seersucker, or nylon taffeta.

The "bang" is a good idea,



Choose a gay, striped bandana. And see it's cotton so it won't slip on your head. This holds your hair-in place, anchors the hat at the same time, keeps you pretty against sun, spray, and wind.

stripes. Or a blazer-striped casually knotted, the ends hanging free.

casual jacket. Or a hefty wrap in brilliant striped towelling.

stripes. Or a blazer-striped casually knotted, the ends hanging free.

BEAUTIFUL
BARE FEET

Two lines to know here: (1) High chunky mules with a single wide band for your instep; (2) or the band, classically simple and utterly flat, nothing but a sole with a twist of leather to clamp on to well-shaped, pedicured feet.

★ ★ ★

BESIDE THE
BANDANA

One of these brilliant

that appear unbalanced in the beachwear market, and

the others, which have been

the most popular, are the



AT the inauguration last Sunday of the 1st Cheung Chau Catholic Sea Scouts Group. Mr Leung Chun-pong, Group Scoutmaster (right), receives the Group flag from the District Commissioner, Mr Raymond Yue. (Staff Photographer)



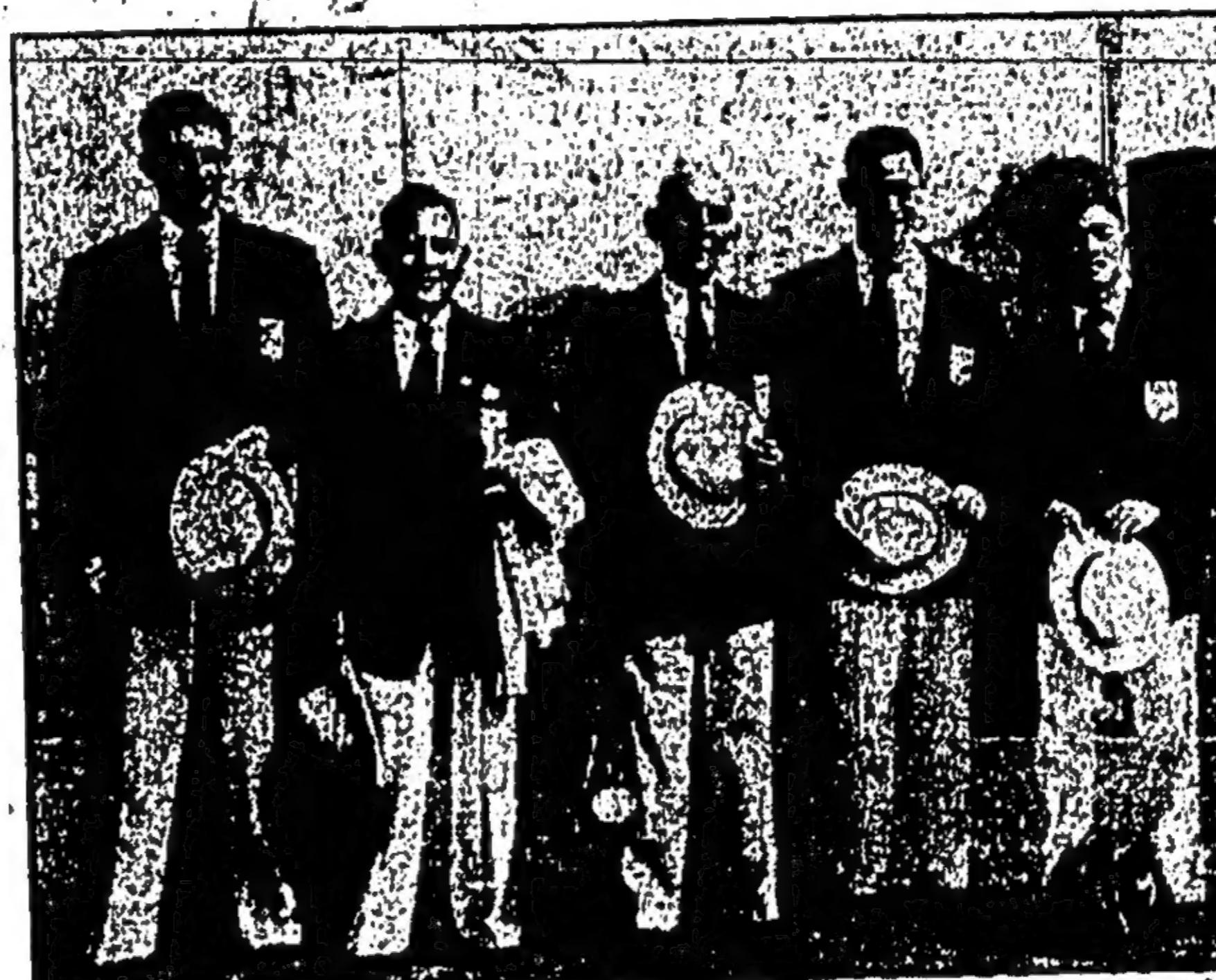
HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. R. B. Black, going through one of the children's wards during his visit of inspection to the Kowloon Hospital on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



FOR his work for the St Vincent de Paul Society over a period of 66 years, Mr A. F. Osmund (right) was honoured by members at a dinner given at the Catholic Club on Monday. He is seen being presented with a gift by the Society's President, Dr Olinto de Souza. (Staff Photographer)



THE Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, inspecting the ranks at the passing-out parade of Probationary Sub-Inspectors at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Prizewinners in the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club's treasure hunt last Saturday. Flight Lieutenant Paddy Raine (extreme right) was first, Mr Arthur Pinnell second, Miss Sheila Dyer third. (King Wah)



A student of the Pak Wu Middle School, Ping Shan, receives a prize from Mrs. E. B. Teesdale, wife of the District Commissioner, New Territories, at the school's annual prizegiving last week. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Jan Smetanin, noted Polish pianist, pictured at Kai Tak, on his arrival to give a series of concerts here. (Staff Photographer)



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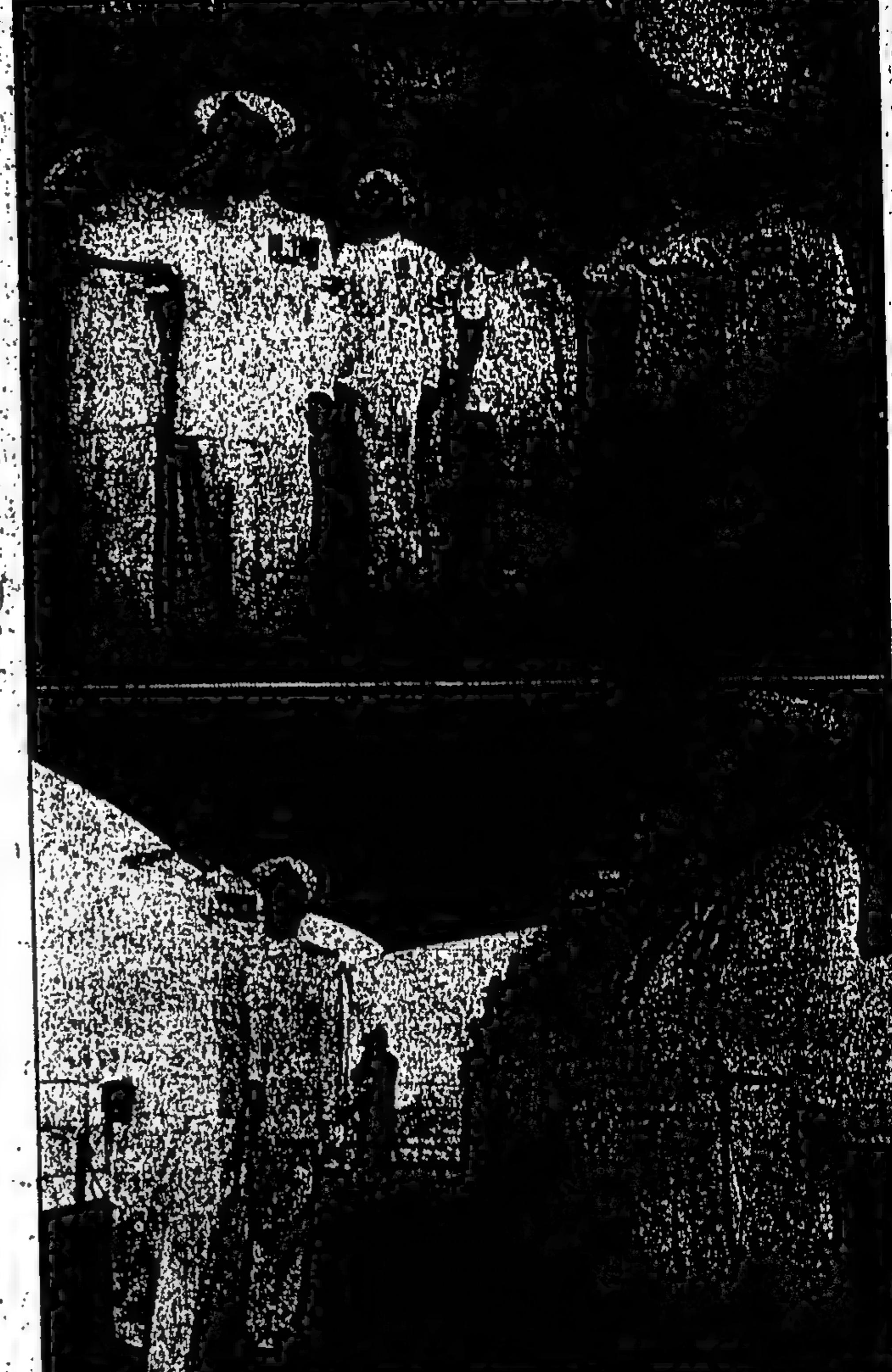
BEATRICE LILLIE (Lady Peel), internationally famous comedienne, poses for photographers outside the Peninsula Hotel. She is on a holiday tour of the Orient. (Staff Photographer)



MR. A. L. Potter and Miss B. Bicheno snapped at the farewell tea party held in their honour at the Education Department. They are leaving Hong Kong on retirement. (Staff Photographer)

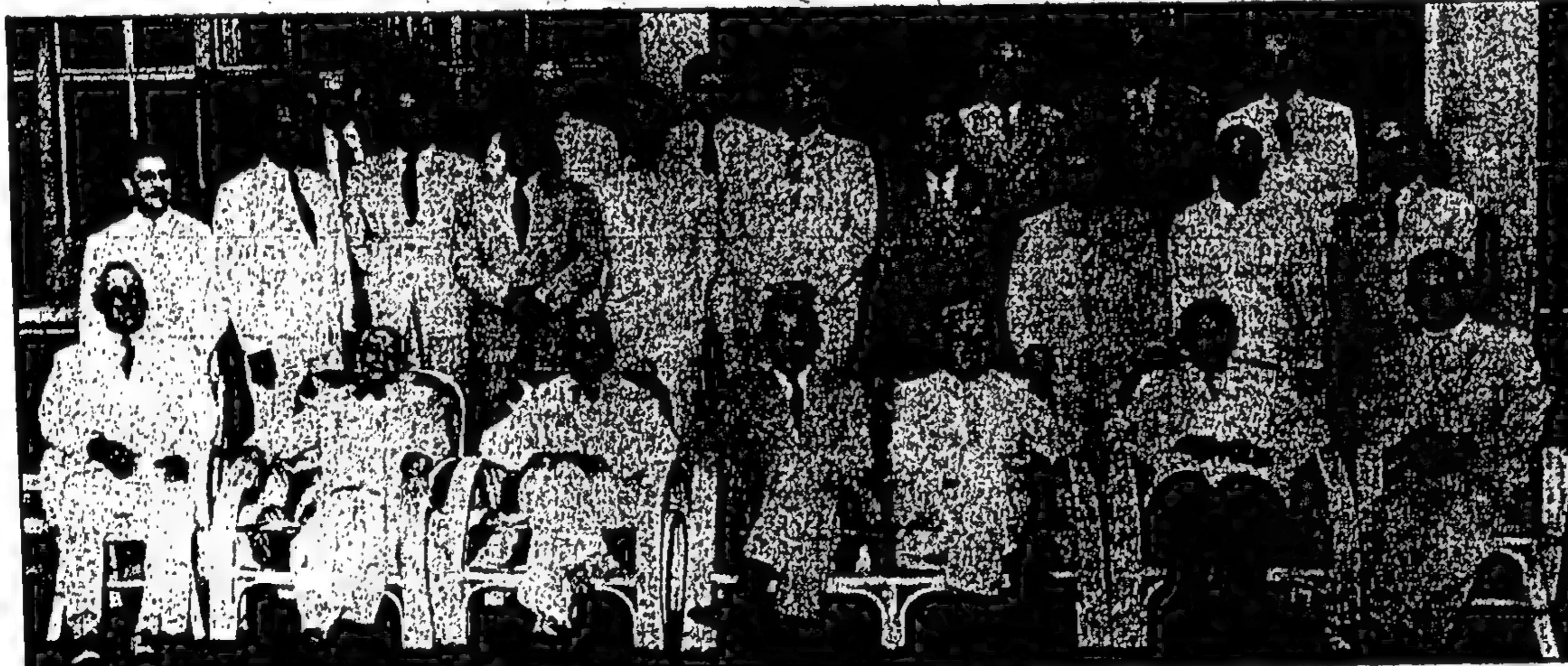


MRS. J. Finnie presenting prizes to pupils of the Shoukiwan Kaitong Advancement Association Night School at the end of term ceremony held at the Taikoo Dockyard Chinese Welfare Centre.

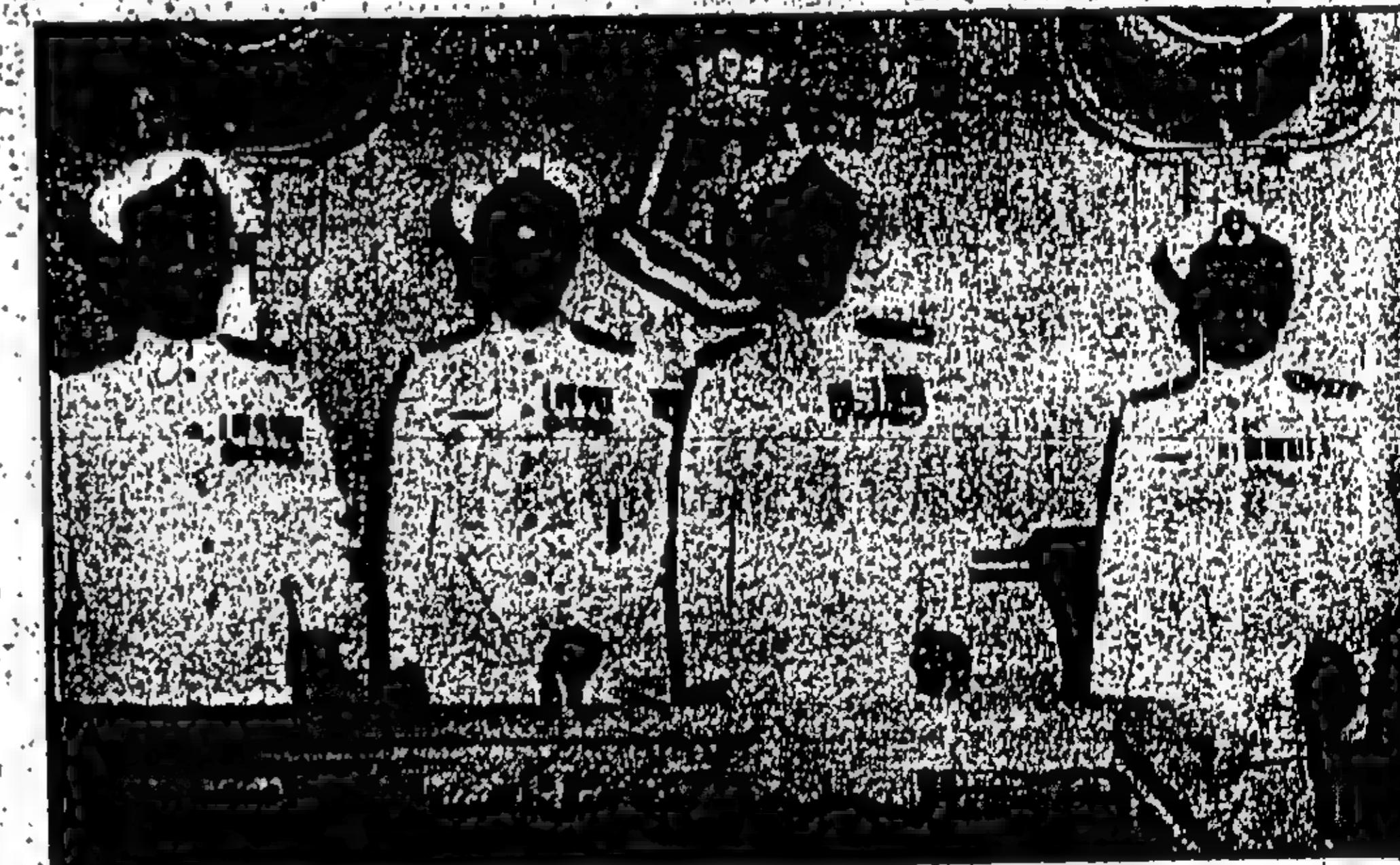


THE arrival of the Indian Navy Flotilla in Hong Kong on Wednesday. In topmost picture, the Commodore-in-Charge, Hong Kong, is seen aboard the cruiser Delhi. Immediately above: the Commander, British Forces; Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, inspecting a guard of honour aboard. Below: Rear Admiral R. A. Bellance (second from right), who commands the Flotilla, with some of his senior officers—(from left) Lt-Cmdr G. G. Nohapier, Cmdr H. R. Claudia, and Captain R. S. Davis. (Staff Photographer)

PICTURE taken in Sydney recently on the occasion of the wedding of Mr Raymond Young and Miss Julia Bonner, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs W. Worrall of Hong Kong.



RIGHT: Group photo taken at the Centenary gathering on July 12 of former foreign members of the Chinese Maritime Customs. (Ming Yuen)



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THE CHINA MAIL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1954.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Beauty Creams Are Indispensable Handsome Brick Exterior To The Well-Groomed

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

CREAMS for use on the skin are a practical necessity for every woman and, upon occasion, need not be despised by men. They have many uses and some differences in composition worth noting.

The simplest skin creams are those intended for cleansing the skin. The prototype is ordinary cold cream which used to be based on tallow and rose water, but now usually consists of a mixture of mineral oils and greases plus some powder ingredients and appropriate perfume. This modern product being mineral fat does not become rancid, as did the former formula unless kept refrigerated. Cleaning creams vary in room temperature, depending upon the combination of greases and their melting points, which they contain. Those with a preponderance of the lighter oil may melt at the temperature of the skin, others have therefore been known as "melting creams".

Lanolin Base

A cream base is lubricant, softening and moistening the surface of the skin, a welcome boon to everyday

living. It may lubricate the friction on the pathways of life as well. In order to achieve a maximum of smoothness, many manufacturers have adopted an ingredient known as lanolin—hydrated wool fat—well known to radio and television fans. Even discounting the excessive optimism of some of its more enthusiastic pitchmen, lanolin is definitely a useful addition to a skin cream. A cream with the soothing and smoothing properties contributed by lanolin is called an emollient cream. Owing to the presence of lanolin, such creams cannot be true white, so they may be slightly tinted. Lanolin has a slight "muttony" odour, so it is masked with perfume. If this is done by skilful blending it makes a nice product; not so if the lanolin is merely overpoweringly strong.

Another type, sometimes called vanishing cream, is not a cream at all, but a soap, similar to the brushless shaving soaps

used by men. This product forms a smooth surface and is sometimes regarded as a good powder or make-up base. Like all soaps, it tends to remove oil from the skin.

The ingredients of creams are commonplace and not particularly costly substances. The principal "secret" in a beauty cream is a good formula, skilful manufacture, deft perfume blending and colouring, and successful promotion. A woman who can afford it will be well served by an expensive and exclusive salon product, but a lady on a budget can do equally well at a more modest price.

THE ESSENCE OF ENGLISH COOKING

By A. Edwards & D. Beyfus

For Dry Skin

Emollient creams are useful for cleansing dry skins. These, by the way, are not limited to redheads and blondes, though more common in people with such colouring. Especially in winter, many persons have trouble with dry, scaling, itchy skin, particularly if they have been too much impressed with "health" propaganda about taking a soap-and-water bath daily, thus taking too much natural oil out of the skin. The best way to use an emollient cream is to leave it on overnight. It is advisable to do this daily; if the skin is very dry, bathe only often enough to maintain genuine cleanliness, regardless of somebody-or-other's 10 rules for better health.

Just as the dry skin benefits from the use of creams, so the naturally oily skin calls for restraint in their employment. Here is where soap and water is better.

Other than emollient creams, there are special purpose preparations. At one time there was a great vogue for massage creams, which were supposed

overcooked; the meat near the bone should be vaguely pink. Serve with red currant jelly, which has a sharp tang to counteract the richness of the lamb, or with onion sauce, and cream added at the last minute.

• ROAST BEEF: At its best an aspic, either on the bone with the undercut, or boned and rolled. At its best served with home-made horseradish from the garden, and cream stirred in.

• BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING: At its best with sheep's kidney and good chuck steak or top round. Mushrooms and oysters are optional additions. Allow four to five hours' steaming.

• BOILED LEG OF MUTTON: At its best with caper sauce, made with melted butter, capers and vinegar.
• BOILED SISKINSE AND DUMPLINGS: At its best, if you've got a good butcher who knows how to prepare the meat, that when it's cooked the meat is a rosy-pink-to-peachy-grey colour. The dumplings will be a dead loss if you sting on the suet.

• PEAS AND CUSTARD: Serve with pease pudding made with split peas. Serve the pease pudding, too, with freshly boiled ham eaten hot or pickled pork.

After the delicious English main course, the delicious English "afters" . . . the fresh fruit fools: gooseberry, raspberry, and blackcurrant with double cream . . . the trifles with fluffy split sponge cakes soaked in Madeira, spread with home-made raspberry jam, covered in fresh egg custard, and topped with whipped cream . . . the hedgehog tips cake shaped like a hedgehog, drenched in brandy, studded with split Jordan almonds, and coated in cream.

Delicate cheeses are back to rival any pungent Continental kinds; the Double Gloucester, a full cream cheese like Cheshire . . . Dunlop cheese with the characteristic flavour of mildness with richness . . . Leicester cheese, a rich marigold-coloured variety.

• BLUE VINE: From Dorset, a mid-Suffolk . . . and the famous Blue Cheshire.

Try English cooking and then tell us: isn't it as good as any meal you've ever had?

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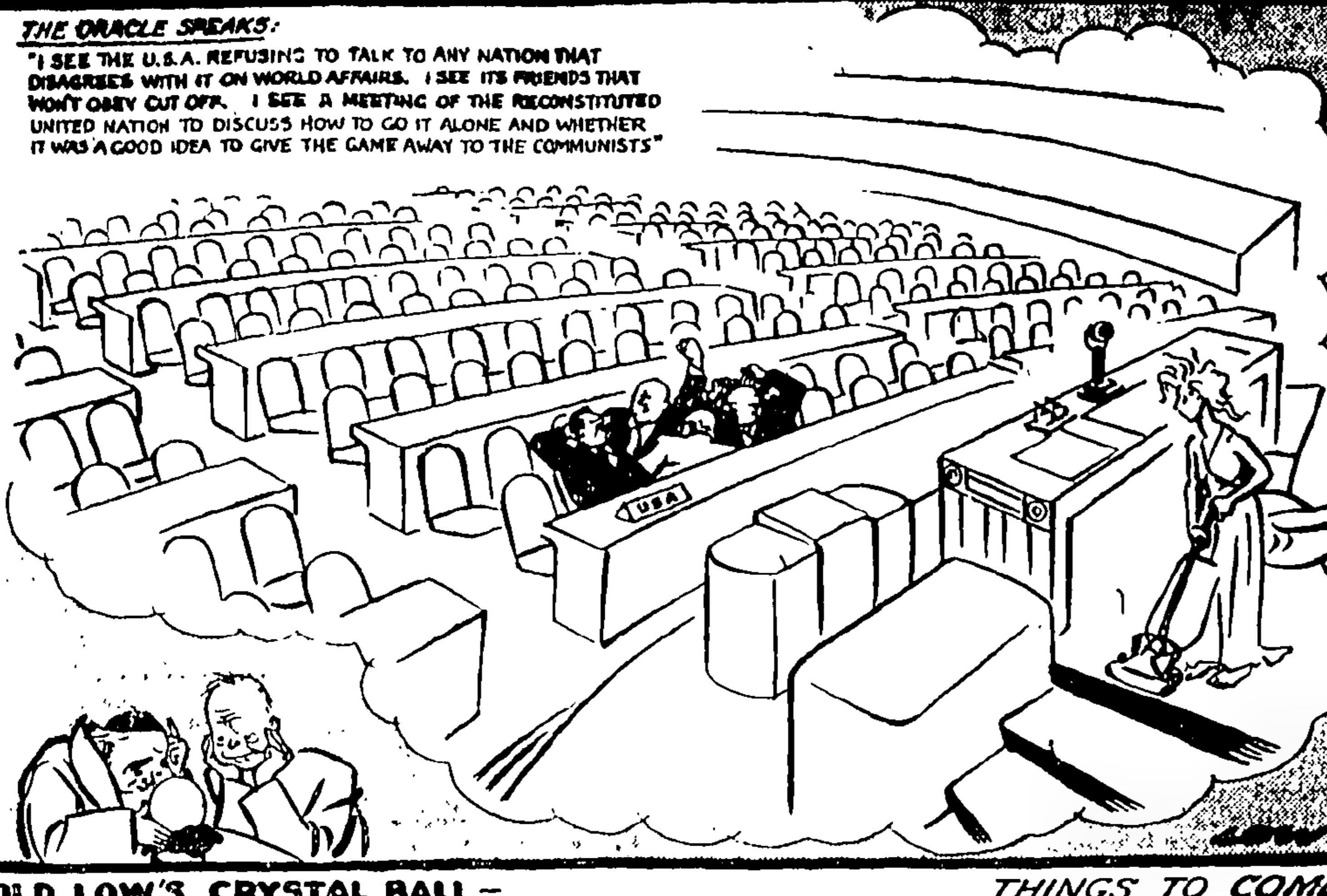
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THE ORACLE SPEAKS:

"I SEE THE U.S.A. REFUSING TO TALK TO ANY NATION THAT DISAGREES WITH IT ON WORLD AFFAIRS. I SEE ITS FRIENDS THAT WON'T OBEY CUT OFF. I SEE A MEETING OF THE RECONSTITUTED UNITED NATION TO DISCUSS HOW TO GO IT ALONE AND WHETHER IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO GIVE THE GAME AWAY TO THE COMMUNISTS."



OLD LOW'S CRYSTAL BALL.

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

By Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER

The Good Companion On Why Men Go To War

IT was a beautiful early summer evening at the Terrace of the House of Commons seemed far more attractive than the Debating Chamber where we had been giggling and giggling each other over what was left of the Finance Bill.

I find it difficult to describe the peculiar maple of the Terrace when the sun begins to set. The buildings on the South Bank opposite the Terrace are lit up as if by footlights, and even the chugging tug-drawing huge barges towards Westminster Bridge seem manned by adventurers rather than by ordinary fellows looking forward to a pint at the pub, a talk with the missus and so to bed.

I had intended to walk 2,000 paces on the Terrace and then return to the debate, but on a bench near Mr Speaker's House there was my old friend, Walter Elliot, and I could not resist his rich Scottish appeal. For nearly 19 years we have sat together in the Commons, he representing a Scottish seat and I a London Borough, and in all that time I have never found him anything but original, amusing, vastly cultured and deeply philosophical. His story is a strange one.

As a young Scot he was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University. Then came the catastrophic interruption of human destinies—the 1914-1918 war. Elliot was a man of letters, a philosopher, a budding orator, a dreamer with a lot of practical knowledge, but seemed in no sense of action. Heredity, environment and personality all marked him out for an academic career spent in the cloistered temples of knowledge. Instead he went to France as a second lieutenant with a Highland infantry battalion.



WALTER ELLIOT

In a fierce engagement with the Germans he won the Military Cross. He rose in rank and won a bar to his Military Cross. When the war ended he was a Colonel, but he returned to his studies as if he had been spending a rather long period studying history and architecture. No one could have looked less like a fire-eating soldier.

Like all good Scots he eventually reached London and, having seen the metropolis, he decided, like so many good Scots that London was good enough for him. So he went back to Scotland, married a Scottish girl, got himself adopted as a Tory for a tough Parliamentary Scottish seat, and entered Parliament in the famous 1918 victory election of Lloyd George.

It was a mad Parliament, with Lloyd George dominating the scene like a conquering Caesar. President Woodrow Wilson of America was preaching the gospel of something to be called the League of Nations, while Congress was insisting that Britain must repay the loans granted by the USA before Germany forced her into the war in 1917.

It was all so beautifully simple. Lloyd George, who had

displayed genius as a war leader decided that crushed, impoverished Germany could pay for the cost of the war and that the Allies could then repay America for the years that she was the benevolent monarch of

many columns in the press. When the Hitler war ended in 1945, Walter had become one of a dozen former future Prime Ministers. He was out for good, never to return as a Minister to the Front Bench.

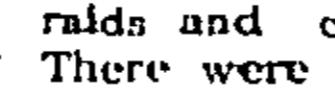
The thirty-year-old W. P. Elliot looked at the post-war tragicomedy and wondered if the world had gone mad. While he watched and pondered the situation, an Austrian corporal named Hitler was musing about Vienna, painting ridiculous pictures, living with the tramps in doss-houses, and dreaming dangerous dreams.

By 1922 the Tory Party had enough of Lloyd George's Coalition. They planned a rebellion, chose Canadian-born Bonar Law as their leader, and drove Lloyd George and the Liberal Party into the wilderness from which they were never to return.

By that time Walter Elliot, like young Anthony Eden, was being groomed for office. But

there was no other institution in the world to criticise, so physic, so quarrelsome and so fair as the British House of Commons. A nudist could no more hide his wants from his fellow nudists than a British MP can hide his real self from his fellow Members.

They take their time in assessing each other. They allow for mistakes of temperament, they allow for failure, and they even excuse bores who are sincere.

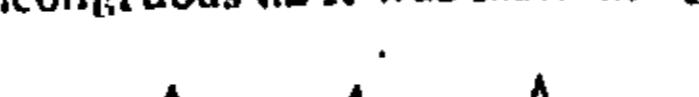


Then suddenly the House decides what you are, and it is sold on as wrong. Thus when Churchill formed his Government in 1951 and left Elliot out, the House watched him take his seat on the gangway among the rank and file of MPs, and suddenly it realised that this Ministerial cast-off was a great man whose presence in the Chamber added dignity to us all.

His was a mind too vast to be confined to any one Ministerial task. Here was a visionary with a delightful humour, a scholar without pedantry, an historian who refused to be submerged in the past because he realised that each day makes history as it passes down the winding stream of time.

Nor was his mind fixed merely

on politics and history. He was a connoisseur of the arts, and I cannot think how often we have dined together in the Commons when the menu was Voltaire, Shaw, Shakespeare and even Burns. To emphasise a point he would often quote long passages from Hamlet or Coriolanus in a rich Scottish burr, which was as incongruous as it was fascinating.



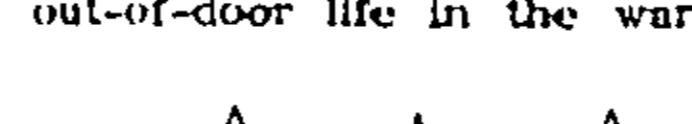
Therefore we shall now return to the Terrace. I sat down beside him, and in a few minutes we were in deep discussion as to whether there would be another war, and if so, what it would be like.

"Certainly there will be wars and wars," said Elliot benevolently. "You must remember, my dear fellow, that men delight in war. It uproots them from their daily tasks, it takes them to new scenes and other countries, it provides uncertainities, it provides uncertainty and danger, instead of routine. It also creates a romantic life in which women

and whatever you may think of his philosophy, I hope you will agree with me that he deserves one more title—The Good Companion."

I told him that I was with the Canadians at Seaford Camp waiting to return to France.

"Ah!" said Elliot. "Then you would have heard all the ships in New Haven Harbour blowing their sirens at eleven o'clock. Now tell me, is it not true that it gave you a curious, empty feeling? It did to me too. The unknown terrors of peace confronted us after years of simple out-of-door life in the war.

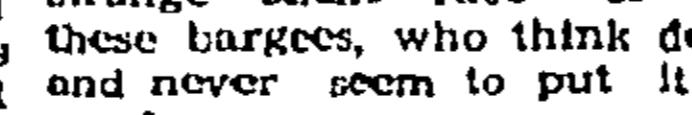


"The problem of peace is how to give men the adventures they crave without landing them in prison or the divorce court. Women understand this instinctively, but try to convince themselves that it isn't true.

"Now take Scotland, where your ancestors and mine lived. For a great number of years the Scots in the glens used to make raids and cut each other up. There were fierce small battles, and everybody was happy. There were clan feuds and all that sort of thing, and they got a great kick out of it. Then the strong arm of authority stepped in and made it a penal offence to cut up your neighbour. And that was the beginning of the tragic emigration from Scotland."

A barge made its way slowly towards Westminster Bridge, and two barges gazed at us like visitors to the Zoo. A strange silent race of men, these barges, who think little and never seem to put it into words.

"The problem, my dear Beverley, (Walter was off again) is how to supply the element of danger to normal life. Everybody, who can afford it, should ride a horse as often as possible. The horse is the stupidest of all animals and certainly the most dangerous. It will shy at a shadow when any idiot would know that there was nothing to shy about. It has a tenacious memory but it learns very little from experience.



"Of course, young fellows can play rugger, which gives them a chance to break their necks, and there is always Switzerland where you can break your legs on skis. These are commendable pursuits although they cannot equal the lure of war. Of course, there is flying, but science has made it a safe occupation. However, flying does satisfy the human instinct of going from one place to another."

The rich torrent of language dwindled to a mere stream. As the Debating Chamber had waited for this moment, the Division Bells rang, the police bellowed "DIVI-SHUN," as if determined to make the Thames tremble.

"Let us do our duty," said Elliot, the ex-soldier, with the double MC, the ex-Minister, the ex-Rector of Aberdeen University and Glasgow University, Freeman of the City of Edinburgh and Companion of Honour.

And whatever you may think of his philosophy, I hope you will agree with me that he deserves one more title—The Good Companion."

WITH Les Armour IN Britain Today

Culture Comes To Soho

HEARING that Culture had come to darkest Soho, we determined to investigate.

Not having the New Yorker's Man Stanley at hand for the task, we were forced to go ourselves, and, with apologies to Stanley, append the following report:

"To London Casino where arrived 7.32 p.m. to discover Culture much in evidence. Posters proclaiming virtues of leggy girls all gone. Counted eight signs with word 'Culture' six inches high.

"This work of Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR whose title accounts for signs above mentioned.

Accented by two gents selling Daily Worker and three vending Peace leaflets. Noted six citizens purchasing Daily Worker but all passing up latest atrocities of capitalist hyena in favour of evening page Price of Peace apparently too high in Soho as no trade in this item being done.

"Proceeded to see what is People's Culture in terms of Sergei Ovtchinnikov and Moscow Puppet Theatre being offered at 5.30 p.m. and 15 shillings a ticket. People there in to a man obviously determined to prove that London still ripe for treat art though evidently somewhat bewildered by offering.

"This evidenced by (a) wild clapping and cheering with only smallest gaps to elicit faintly hoarse cheers to bear dialogue and (b) lame explanations of alleged point of jokes being offered by several workers to world in general.



"Puppets excellent, scenery sharp, lighting up to usual Casino standard. Show called 'An Unusual Concert' and consisting of satirical parody on concert performances.

"Involved a stuffed shirt master of ceremonies, screaming soprano, gypsy singing troupe without single gypsy, excellent rendition of American crooners by team of gents called 'Boogie, Woogie, and Creep' and included occasional dig at People's Culture itself.

"Point of satirical parody explained in words of one syllable in programme but loud outbursts of cheering at odd points left impression audience unsure whether this real parody or real People's Art. Most upsetting.

"At performance end, puppet manipulators showed selves. Were grey serge overalls to prove we were genuine workers or something.

"But looked like people. This seemed to impress audience, which offered loud gasp.

"After curtain calls, self and several other capitalist hyenas left standing looking foolish in wait for national anthem. This not forthcoming.

"Took self to Mayfair where consumed expensive cup of coffee by way of shaking off People."

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But, Mr. Wodehouse, what about The Girls?

BRING ON THE GIRLS. By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Jenkins 16s. 248 pages.

THE Wodehouse-Bolton team in the musical comedy theatre opened one day in 1909 when Wodehouse (holding down a steady job in London—or being held down by it) granted himself three

weeks' holiday in New York.

It closed 20 years later when the world came tumbling down in Wall Street. Seeing the writing on the wall in large red figures, the pair then emigrated from New York to Hollywood, where a new life awaited them.

Bring on the Girls tells, in urbane but breathless cross-talk, the story of their collaboration ("book by Bolton, lyrics by Wodehouse"). It is tart, talkative record of New York theatre life in a vanished epoch, of forgotten triumphs and disasters remembered only by their authors, of shows that were saved when the producer gave the command, "Bring on the girls" (the beauty chorus), and shows so bad that even this magic formula could not redeem them.

★

A too big girl, carried by bulk and endowed with the most potent power to convert any eye into big white eyes, is made to compete in a competition among gluepins of them.

Wodehouse and Bolton have a巧 to reveal to them health, themselves, the days of their mothers, or socks), the

troubling phase of failure. Con-

tributed when the girl was

of New York told one another

that they did not want to leave

town for the week-end because

they might miss the Bolton-

Wodehouse show.

On a short visit to London we

met Robinson, Wodehouse's

domestic butler, round whom

he was built, and Monkton

Hoffe the dramatist, who was

supposed to have his plays

written for him by an uncle in

India.

When Hoffe failed to re-

call the name of a character

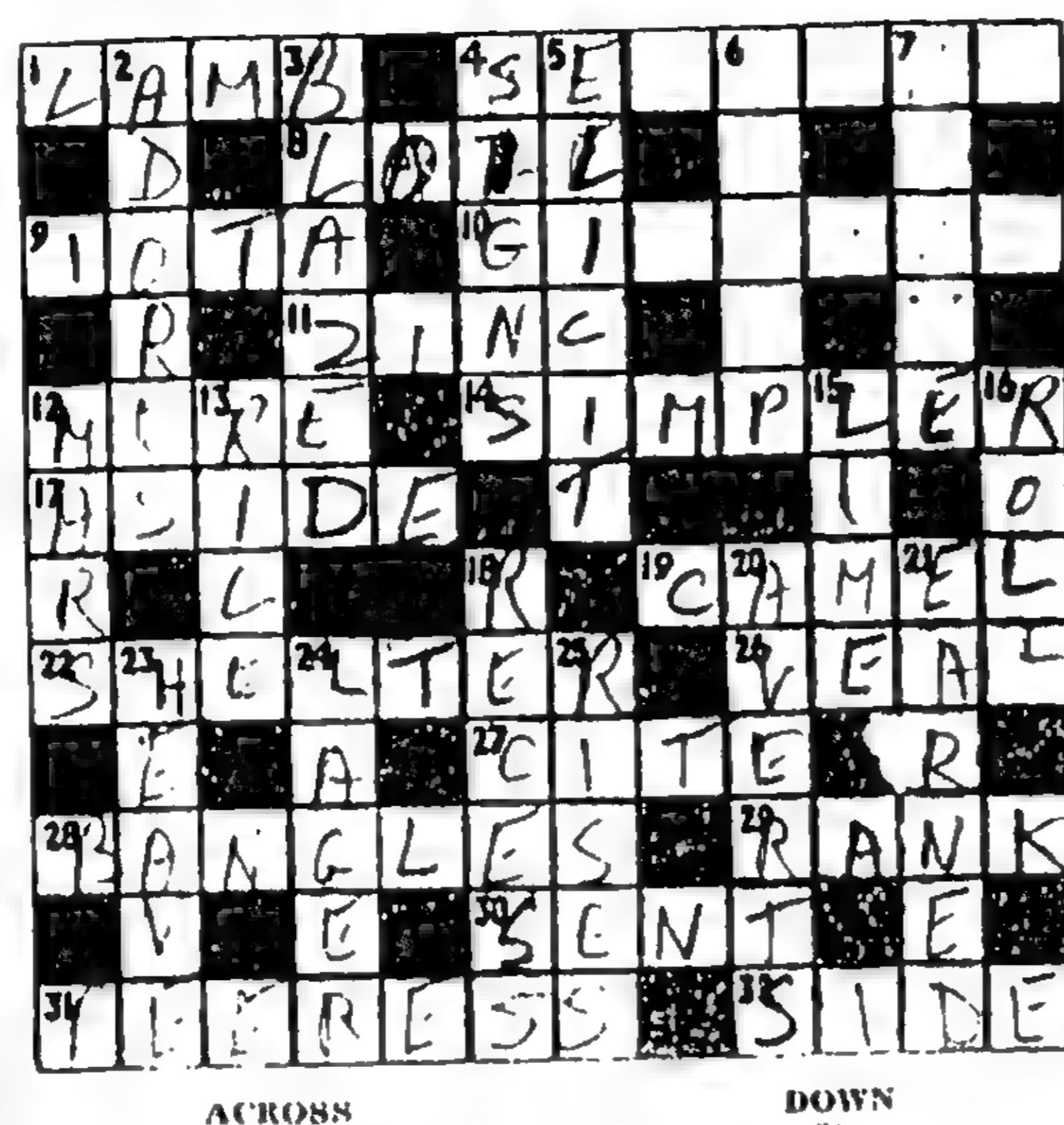
in his drama, Charles

Hoffe said, "Look here,

Hoffe! I can't mind your not

writing your own play, but I

A British Crossword Puzzle


ACROSS
DOWN

- 1 Young animal (4) 2 Worship (6)
 4 Counterpane (7) 3 Flared up (6)
 8 Lounge (4) 4 Design (5)
 9 Jet (4) 5 Bring to light (6)
 10 Part of a plane wing (6) 6 Precipitous (5)
 11 Metal (4) 7 Loop with running knot (5)
 12 Lake (4) 8 Dishes (4)
 14 Easter (7) 13 Vex (4)
 17 Apart (5) 15 Fruit (4)
 20 Bust of burden (5) 16 Turn over and over (4)
 22 Protect (7) 18 Nook (6)
 26 Mint (4) 20 Wards off (6)
 27 Quote (4) 21 Mended (6)
 28 Bracelets (7) 23 Pull (5)
 29 Course (4) 24 Beverage (5)
 30 Dispatched (4) 25 Gets up (5)
 31 Noble lady (7) 32 Flute (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Rebate, 5 Appeal, 8 Inure, 9 Garret, 10 Oar, 11 Revue, 12 Latib, 13 State, 16 Repeat, 18 Needed, 20 Evens, 21 Den, 23 Tind, 25 Ried, 26 Canton, 27 Rival, 28 Melon, 29 Needle. Down: 1 Regule, 2 Burdon, 3 Tier, 4 Entert, 5 Aroused, 6 Pecon, 7 Auct, 14 Attested, 15 Estrange, 16 Reunite, 17 Pelican, 19 Entire, 21 Voile, 24 Date



by
**GEORGE
MALCOLM
THOMSON**

SETTLING FAMILY PROBLEMS Several mailbags full of problems he on the desk of West Germany's first Minister for Family Affairs.

applied to the Government for permission to wear the ancient Gordon tartan instead of a uniform. He hadn't bought a pair of trousers for 15 years, he explained, and had worn the kilt since he was four or five.

Permission was granted, and now the residents of the Auckland suburb of Mount Eden watch with interest and admiration for their kiltsed postman to come swinging along the road.

Mr Scurrah says his family name is North of Ireland Gaelic, but family associations entitle him to wear the Gordon tartan. His working kilt cost him £18 nine years ago when he bought it from the Royal Family's kilt-maker, but he also has a dress kilt with him.

IT NEVER

RAINS BUT

Isaac Melui

was painting the roof of a new apartment block in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco.

A gust of wind tore down the scaffolding.

Ivan grabbed a rope half way down. The rope broke.

Then he grabbed a slapping window blind. That held, but his momentum carried him into a flat where a woman thought he was a burglar and screamed for the police.

TIDYING

Cairo's "barrow boys" are to be put into uniform

- khaki overall, white cap and armband.

LIBRARY LIST
HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW By James Aldridge. The Bodley Head: 12s. 6d. 400 pages.

Gordon, an English adventurer and an emotional anarchist, leads Arab tribes in an armed revolt against the British sponsored civilisation which brings oil derricks and motor trucks into the desert ("the empty view"). After a tragic struggle, described with淋漓尽致, Gordon is defeated. An impressive novel, written under the shadow of "Lawrence of Arabia."

HOT FREEZE By Martin Brett, Reinhardt: 9s. 6d. 204 pages.

Kent-born, Canadian-domesticated, Brett lays the scene of his cracking new "farce" in modern Montreal. Mike Carlton, his ex-Mountie detective, is given the task of finding out where a rich woman's peculiar son is getting all the money he spends so freely. The task proves to be puzzling; even dangerous. Resemblances to Raymond Chandler's work may be accidental; are not unpleasing.

When he took the job while

on a visit to New Zealand he

WAR

Along the 24 miles from Pali to Hanwant in India, lemons raced rock neck with an express train this week.

The insects won.

The locusts have been "diving-bombing" trains all summer; when they catch one, they swarm into the open compartments.

KILLED

Edinburgh-born Douglas Scurrah

has become the best known postman in Auckland, New Zealand. It is not surprising, because instead of conventional postman's uniform he wears the kilt.

They claim one so big that, when it passes through the 20 miles channel from its home in Natsikian Lake to the sea, its leaves scales as big as saucers on the shore and throws up on rollers in its wake.

Nikolai Kosing, chairman of the Godthab Municipal Council, says he has collected reports on the monsoon from independent observers—and they all tally.

FARE WAS Oldest living former London taxi-driver is George Thomas Durham, of Morwen, Surrey, who for 58 years drove cabs, hansom and motor round London streets until he retired just before the war.

For 32 years, always wearing a top hat and heavy single-breasted coat, Mr Durham drove hansom, then changed to motors. He preferred motors; they did not have to be watched and did not do what one of his horses did one day—kick the front of the cab in and break from the shafts.

He talks of the famous fares he has had: the Grand Duke Michael of Russia when he was attached to the Royal mews to take important visitors to the Abbey at the Coronation of Edward VII; of W. G. Grace, who said to him, "You're a good cabby." He replied, "And you're a good critic"; of Sir Winston Churchill at the age of 14, "You would never imagine he would be Prime Minister. I can see him now looking up at his mother as she paid the fare."

34 YEARS Food buried in FROZEN. In 1920 in the Arctic wastes by Amundsen has just eaten at a fashionably luncheon in Copenhagen hotel. The food was discovered by another explorer just back from Greenland and the meal was enjoyed by himself and his colleagues.

Liver pasties and fish cakes which had been buried for 34 years tasted just as good as the freshest food. Only the butter had suffered. It resembled motor lubricant and didn't taste much better.

LONGEVITY ADVICE A Copenhagen taxidriver, tired of impudent passengers, has stuck the following sign on the inside of his cab:

"Better to drive at 40
And live to 80
Than drive at 80
And die at 40."

Do-It-Yourself

BY HARRY WEINERT

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF COMPTON HAVING AN INTEREST IN DROBNY

During Denis Compton's huge innings of 278 for England against Pakistan in the Second Test at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, spectators—and television commentators—were quick to notice some furious signalling directed at the batsman from the players' balcony. Not unnaturally it was interpreted as tactical instructions.

Denis was attacking the bowling so furiously that he did not have to be told to go quicker, and it was assumed the signals indicated an early declaration.

But what was really happening was information to Denis on the progress of the Men's Singles Final at Wimbledon. A TV set was installed in the dressing room and Denis had a financial interest in Drobny winning! When he was 2-1 in the lead the England players thought it was about time Denis was put in the picture.

A. Kardar, the Pakistan captain, did not allow his players to watch the screen during play, but the TV did come in handy during the rain-interruptions on the third day. Both sets of players were able to watch the Women's Singles final and were all astonished at the power of "Little Mo."

Earlier in the week Peter May and my brother and I saw a day's play at Wimbledon. It was the first time we had been. The opportunity came through Surrey being able to finish their county match with Hampshire in the last over before lunch on the second day. Surrey's captain was May and this was the second occasion on which he had led the team to substantial victories.

WITH BOTH HANDS

The story behind the near-century of Jimmy Allam for Oxford against Cambridge in the Varsity match at Lord's is of a chance opportunity taken with both hands.

Allam, a Scotsman from Edinburgh, won some notoriety by sending down seven consecutive overs with his left arm spinners in his first outing against a county side. He was

TED DRAKE'S DREAM

United States And Canada As First Class Soccer Powers Of The Future

Ted Drake, chief of the new Chelsea, has a dream to make the United States and Canada first-class football powers.

Can baseball-worshipping North America equal the maestros south of Panama in Soccer ability?

"Yes," says Drake. "With British aid." He studies his report of Chelsea's eight-match summer tour of the United States and Canada and glows: "Unlike Jimmy Seed's sad experiences with Charlton in South America, Chelsea's trip was the happiest, most encouraging ever."

"What a wonderful welcome they gave us in New York, Baltimore, New Jersey, and Montreal. And how Soccer is catching on out there. We saw a football pitch even in the park outside the White House."

Praise Stan Matthews for North America's new interest in football.

TV SMASH HIT

"A film of the Blackpool-Bolton Cup Final was televised and it was a smash hit."

"There's an American League, a German League and now the Portuguese have started playing. Many schools, too, are taking up football."

Ted Drake, the realist, knows

that

(London Express Service)



BRITISH GRAND PRIX WINNER



The Ferrari driven by Froilan Gonzalez of the Argentine passes the chequered flag as it finishes victorious in the British Grand Prix car race at Silverstone. Gonzalez completed the 270-mile (90-lap) race in 2 hours 56 minutes 14 seconds, an average speed of 89.69 miles an hour. Second was another Ferrari, driven by Mike Hawthorn, who finished 70 seconds behind the winner, and third was a Maserati driven by O. Marimon. Italian cars thus successfully beat off the challenge of the powerful new German Mercedes.—Reuterphoto.

GOLF FOR LADIES

Watch Your Hips, Madam! — And Don't Be Afraid Of Your Strength

Says BERNARD HUNT

Nine out of ten of the ladies who come for golf instruction overswing. And that you should "swing slowly" they approach their shots as though they are in a slow ballet movement. The result is neither ballet nor golf.

No, ladies, if it's gentility you are after, stick to lawn tennis or croquet. In golf you have to make your hands really work hard and you must get the idea firmly in your mind that you have to hit that little white ball as nearly like a man as possible.

I do not suggest that this is a graceless game for women. The good strikers of the ball—players like Bunty Stevens of today and Diana Fishwick of a few years ago—are poems of movement as they crack into the ball.

Their grace comes from the timing and power of their shots. All I do suggest is that there is no beauty in the half-hearted overswinging of so many of our handicap players. The sheer act of overswinging and of coming into the ball much too slowly prevents them from ever achieving the success they seek.

Success would be better. Certainly it is worth trying. As soon as you get the feel of the shorter swing you will find the ball will fly just as far, if not farther, and that you will achieve far greater consistency.

And now for the hands. Far too many ladies I have met have taken refuge in the excuse that they haven't the strength in their wrists and hands needed for strong hitting at golf. That may be so up to a point. But it is not half as true as many ladies would have you believe. Just watch those same ladies wield a scrubbing brush or a paint brush at spring cleaning time or see how they move even the heaviest piece of furniture that is in their way!

I do not suggest that a woman can match a man's power. What I do say is that far too few women make the most of the power they really have. Now for a few practical hints you can apply next time you go through even more easily.

MAKE CLUBHEAD WHISTLE

After all, the secret of every good golf shot lies in the application of power as the clubhead moves into the last two feet of its swing into the ball. And it is the hands, compelling late acceleration of speed in the clubhead, which produce it. The shorter your swing, generally speaking, the easier it is to feel and apply that late power from the hands. But, whether you swing long or short, success demands that late clubhead speed. So remember that, and build up your hand power to be able to apply it.

Try to make the clubhead positively whistle through the air as you pivot—the over-all

APPROACH SHOTS

First—those approach shots. There is no question of brute strength in these. You all have the strength to pitch fifty yards to the pin. All I ask you to do is to use that strength to make these shots crisp and firm. Far too often I have seen ladies flop lazily into these shots because they feel that they are not far from the pin and they can push the ball easily along. That is wrong.

Watch any pro when he plays a pitch-shot. He may use a short swing if he hasn't far to hit the ball but he never makes the mistake of being lazy on the ball. He knows that a slow, lazy shot is too difficult; so he makes his clubhead get firmly through, into the back of the ball, end on to take a divot.

You ladies must do the same. Play your pitch and chip shot firmly. Maintain your clubhead speed. Get down to take a divot after striking the ball... and get used to the idea of letting the club do the work it is designed to do. Never attempt the scoop. Ladies who practise these shots round the greens can cut half a dozen shots from their handicaps inside a month of reasonable work and concentration.

If you are in a bunker the same instruction holds. Hit firmly through with your shot-making certain of your follow-through. If you flop at the ball here and so lose your clubhead speed you stay in the sand.

A tip my father always suggests to those ladies who always seem to want more length from their drives is to try the idea of using a higher toe and hitting with the ball well off the front toe. The theory is that this makes you strike the ball just as you are starting the upswing and gives you top spin which makes the ball travel very much further. The essential thing here is to let the ball hit the ground well through the ball.

Finally, ladies, keep on looking for your local golf course. But, most important of all, never give up. You will succeed.

11-Year-Old's Hole In One

Robin Gammon, aged 11, has achieved the ambition of every golfer; he has holed in one.

Robin, of Murcys Heath Road, Petersfield, did it with a brassie at the eleventh 105-yard sixth hole at Petersfield. Three bunkers, a hedge, and a ditch are obstacles before the green. But Robin, who has been playing since he was nine, cleared them all.

He said last week: "I play a round of golf every day after school. It's scrumptious to give the ball a good crack and watch it sail away, better than football any day."

His advice to older golfers on how to hole in one: "Take a good look round you. See where the wind lies, because it makes a difference to you. Keep your head down when you drive—and hope for the best."

Note—Youngest player to hole in one is Tasmanian Peter Toogood. He was eight when he did it 18 years ago at the 110-yard seventh in Hobart. Toogood was top amateur in this year's British Open Championship. (London Express Service).



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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CANTON"	31st July	31st August
"CAIRNHUISH"	20th August	20th September
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"BOUDAN"	10th August	Singapore, Port of Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Durban, Mauritius, Lisbon, London, Val- paraiso, Rotterdam & Hamburg
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CALLING the Detection Squad! You are wanted to help trap a spy! Here are the facts of the case:

British naval officers board a large tanker at the spot marked X (right). They arrest a man they believe to be a spy, but he at once says, "It can't be me—I haven't left this ship."

The Navy men search his cabin and find an ordinary camera and three photographs (you see the photographs right).

"I took those through the ship's portholes," says the man. And then the Navy men know he is lying. One of the pictures he could have taken through a porthole but the other two—No.



Now YOU take up the case. Which are the two pictures the spy could not have taken from the ship... and how do you know?

You'll find the solution on Page 20

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

The Gypsy Theme Offers Variety

By IRMA HEDEL

CONSULT Dad's almanac for a night when the weather is destined to be clear and arrange your gypsy back-yard party. Better have a few lanterns just in case—they add atmosphere too. Tell everyone to bring a package for the "horse trading." Disguise the "trade" in big boxes, newspapers, etc. Those who own harmonicas or ukles should be prodded into bringing them along since music is on the programme.

You can open the party with the "horse trading"—everyone praising the merits of his particular "horse" and getting an exchange package. Incidentally, this is a good way for guests to become acquainted.

KNARF and Handi, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were sitting in the playroom, wondering what they were going to do for the rest of the afternoon.

"I know!" exclaimed Knarf. "Let's visit Mr Merlin the Magician."

Behind the Bookcase

Handi was just about to say, "Yes, let's" when they heard a noise from behind the bookcase and out came Mr Merlin, the Magician, himself. He was wearing a white linen suit, beautifully pressed. He had on a pair of white duck shoes, white socks, white silk shirt, a Panama hat (which was rather white), and he wore a white rose in his lapel.

"How d'ya do!" he greeted Knarf and Handi, smiling and showing his white teeth.

"Oh, we're fine, thank you," said Handi.

"We were just coming to visit you," I know.

"Yes, I know. I heard you," said Mr Merlin, the Magician.

"But I wasn't going to be at home. In fact, I'm intending to do a bit of visiting myself this afternoon."

"Oh," said Handi, sounding rather disappointed.

"I'll be delighted," said Mr Merlin, "to have you both come visiting with me."

Knarf and Handi promptly

said they would like nothing better than to go visiting with

Mr Merlin, the Magician.

"Only, whom are we going to visit?" asked Knarf.

"Friends of ours," said Mr Merlin.

"Which friends of ours?" asked Knarf.

The Magic Words

Mr Merlin didn't reply to this question. He simply took Knarf and Handi by the hands. He mumbled some magic words.

Singing and storytelling come next. It makes for laughs if the storyteller chooses one consonant and tries to use it as often as possible in the words he selects. "G" might be an appropriate letter for this, after all, a gypsy party.

Wagon Race" is the old wheelbarrow trick, a player

grasping the ankles of another player who is forced to walk on his hands. A fast trot to the

finish line at a whistle signal.

Any wagon that collapses must drop out.

Serve your wieners in a

kettle with a long fork. Let

everyone spear his own hot dog

to place on a roll. Pop and

cakes can complete the refreshments.

Gypsies are wanderers and

finding a camp site may be

considered an appropriate game.

Use any object for the camp,

a tree, a driveway or a garden path.

The moment the gypsies leave their camp to find another, the sheriff is ready to arrest them. The old game of

"Tag—You're It" in a gypsy setting.

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